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KNIGHT

THE MAGAZINE FOR THE ADULT MALE



**WHY WOMEN
BLOW MEN'S
MINDS:** Shocking
look at some weirdly
erotic females!

**AMAZING BIRTH
CONTROL PILL
FOR MEN:** It puts you
in the driver's seat!

PLUS: THREE WILD FLESH FILMS
FIVE FABULOUS GIRLS



ON THE COVER: Vicki Carter
is artist, model and actress
... Her talents receive
further attention on page 73.

Stella Rein, the sensuous
swinger shown here, sings
up a storm starting on
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MOUNTAIN GAL




SHE'S ONLY 5'2", but she grew up in the craggy wilds of Colorado and she's got the lovely leggy build to prove it. "When I was a youngster," says Mikki Griffin, "I acted like I was about half mountain goat. All day long I scrambled up hill and down like little nut. Maybe somebody was spiking the well water." After school in Denver, Mikki headed for Hollywood where her cute 35.24.36 instantly landed her raft of modelling jobs. Does she get along with photographers? "Most of them, sure. But these guys are human, too. It's just a problem of being a buddy, but keeping your distance."

turn to page 4

**From the wilds of
Colorado to the Hills of
Beverly comes Mikki**







WAS HIS DAUGHTER
REALLY RAPED BY THE
MAN HE KILLED? AND DID
IT REALLY MATTER?

LEE'S STORY

by J. P. BERNHARD

Lee'd been hearing the music and the loud voices and the giggling longer than he could bear but it wasn't until he walked into the house he'd built with his own hands and Lu Ann, the top three buttons on her flimsy white blouse, loose, her large, firm left breast peeking out like an unripe squash in April grass, said: "Daddy, you got no right here," that he knew he might do something serious. "Get!" he ordered Jim Roop who was eight inches taller, a hundred solid pounds heavier and forty-five years younger.

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A CHILLING LOOK AT SOME TWISTED
FEMALES—VICTIMS OF THEIR SOCIETY,
AND IN TURN, VICTIMIZERS
OF THEIR MEN

WHY WOMEN BLOW MEN'S MINDS

GUERRILLA WARFARE is the name of the game. It is the nitty-gritty of the so-called Battle of The Sexes. Disabuse yourself of the idea that there is anything open and aboveboard about the mating ritual. It is a war that has been going on since the first primitive discovery by slope-browed combatants of the degree of menial and involuntary servitude that could be imposed on the vanquished, whether furry male or fuzzy female. It was, granted, a kind of Pyrrhic victory in reverse: Both parties won, because both parties got their jollies, but nonetheless there was an aura of having conquered or having been conquered, hence the "war" aspect. ■ Yet modern woman, in her infinite variety, has shucked off the permanence of the concept that the man who possesses her has won. Indeed, most men today find that once having *gotten* in, they have lost the war. It is as if we fought for seventy years in Vietnam to win the Holy Grail, and having finally beaten the Cong to their knees, used the Grail for, say, a Presidential thunder-mug and learned that according to Oriental custom, by vanquishing them, we had taken them on as responsibilities and had to rebuild their country, feed them, clothe them and suffer their insults. (Come to think about it, that's approximately what happened when Japan surrendered. But that's another story.) ■ Modern woman is the conquered province and when she has totally abdicated and moaned her passionate surrender, it would seem the man could then move in and enjoy the traditional rewards of all conquerors. But, in fact, precisely the opposite happens. The woman begins to make totally unfounded demands on him. She expects attentions the like of which she would never have *dared* to consider during the preliminary courting. She lodges an unspoken weight of guilt and responsibility on the man for having "enjoyed her favors." And if he permits it, then begins the long and grotesque castration of the ridiculous conqueror. ■ Therefore, who is the victor, and who the vanquished? The roles of dominance, it would seem, are jabberwockily interchangeable, at the instant of victory, with those of passivity. Proof need not be explicated: Look around you. See the relationships of the young, swinging couples you know. Or merely consider the plight of the man who works hard, strives ever upward, builds a scene

by JAY SOLO

turn to page 38

FOR LOVE OR MONEY

A searing expose from today's headlines, this is a picture for strong-minded adults

THIS BIZARRE and shocking motion picture tells the story of a temporary help agency fronting a ring of corporate spies. They swipe company secrets, set key executives up for blackmail, and keep their victims from talking by recording and photographing them in erotic situations. This, of course, is not news . . . but for the first time the sexy antics have reached film for all to see. It's all there in unblushing Eastman Color. Not only are the various tricky gadgets employed by spies shown, but there are orgy sequences that would curl the hair of the Marquis de Sade, body painting fetishism, LSD trips, and crazy stripping action. Many who will see **For Love And Money** will probably want to leave the theatre, for this is a picture for the strong adult only! Others, less sensitive, will be appalled at the magnitude of corporate spying . . . an activity which is estimated to cost American business millions each year . . . to say nothing of the broken lives left in its wake. It's a truly nasty business, but it had to be exposed finally, and **For Love And Money** does just that. Leave the kiddies at home for this story of girls who will do anything, no matter how perverted. It's twisted sex at its kindest. Now to our second Sextacular . . .

I turn the page

A TRIO OF SEXTACULARS







Wild new picture dooms the American male to series of delightful defeats at hands of nymphs

Ever hear of a motion picture so hot it's banned in Tijuana? That's what's happening, baby, with **Nymphs Anonymous**. Writer-producer John Nicholas and Director Manuel S. Conde did not venture into the wild and sexy hills of Hollywood with the intention of shocking anyone. But what they filmed will probably drive audiences hysterical. The film relates the erotic goings-on when a gang of sex-starved nymphs who invade the neighborhood (and bedrooms) of an average community with nothing on their minds but lust. In **Nymphs Anonymous** you watch girls who make love underwater. Girls who love to be walloped before tossing in the hay. Girls who employ ice-cubes at the ultimate moment. And girls who read, not before, not after—but during! But no matter their individual kinks, they all prefer to proceed totally naked. The spectacle of so much creamy, bare flesh will make the most jaded girl-watcher blow his stack. Eventually Congress gets in the act and attempts to legislate against these bedroom riots, but they fall like inflamed adolescents before the undressed hordes. It's not all just sexual athletics, though. A lively leavening of murders is woven into the plot. Any further exposition of this nudie nutty is impossible here. See it. Now, on to Sextacular number three . . .

/ turn the page



NYPHS ANONYMOUS



Here's the film that goes several giant steps beyond the Kinsey Report

And finally, we have *Suburbia Confidential*, a picture that peeks into the private files of a prominent psychiatrist. The cases explored represent a clinical day in the life of Dr. Henri Le-grand as he sees a transvestite; a bondage fetishist; a Lesbian; Meylang, a Korean war bride who knew some bizarre and far out tricks; and Joy Graham, a nymphomaniac who almost kills a man with her erotic acrobatics. These sexual psychopaths are studied in a series of dramatic flashbacks into their lives. But make no mistake... *Suburbia Confidential* is definitely for mature adults only! ☹







AS A LITTLE KID I DREAMED of becoming a fast-drawing, Indian-killing cowboy. I wrote a letter to Buffalo Bill, offering my services. Before I was eight years old I had headed for the far Wild West six times—only to be tracked down by Mr. Lawn, the truant officer, or the police, and brought back to my slum home in the "Dardanelles" section of Hoboken. ■ To keep me off the streets and stop the runaway habit, my old man got me a job working after school and on weekends, in Florio's drugstore. Besides Mr. Popora, who was good to me (he was the prescriptionist), there was an optometrist, a girl at the soda fountain, a girl who sold stamps and tobacco and the hippy first aid nurse. I had to take orders from all of them. ■ Florio was a hearty, bearded, fat brute. On my first day, while sweeping, he watched me. I found a quarter on the floor and gave it to him. I didn't know he had planted it there on purpose. When I turned he kicked my behind hard. ■ I tearfully asked what that was for. ■ "Petey," he bellowed, "that's just a tiny taste of what you'll get if I catch you stealing!" ■ In those days child psychology was simply a man's pointed shoe that made a kid's butt ache. The cruel kick I got for nothing convinced me to steal whatever struck my fancy. There was no quitting the drugstore: my father would have beaten me and made me return. I had to outwit Florio and keep away from his damned free flying foot. ■ ■ I was the jack of all trades and did the chores of three kids: running the ice cream machine in the dirty cellar, unpacking and storing, washing utensils, delivering, helping the nurse with accident cases, polishing lenses for the optometrist, waxing the floors, making citrate of magnesia and Florio's phony cure-all tonics, salves and capsules. ■ From the cellar I discovered holes in the floor where the nurse and the two other girls above were usually stationed. Being a natural eavesdropper, I saw bald-headed Mr. Popora peeping up through the holes. At that tender age I was already curious about the mysteries girls had under their skirts. I would stand on boxes, crooking my neck and using a flashlight and almost ruining my eyesight straining to find out.

Turn to page 36

Do you remember when you thought those funny rubber things in the drugstore were a new kind of balloon?

the pharaohs

PIETRO DI DONATO





Into Each Life

... a little Rein must fall, Stella Rein, that is, and in this case how sweet it is! This delectable doll who tapes in at 36-23-36 is not only blonde and blue eyed, but has one of the finest singing voices this side of the Met. "It's not what I want to do with my life, though ...

singing ... I'm much more concerned with just learning how to be a fine human being." We'd say she's 99% there already.

turn the page

Opera's loss is the world's gain as Stella matures



And what sort of person satisfies Miss Rein's definition of "... a fine human being?"

"One who is compassionate," she stated firmly. "And loving. That's about the most important quality. Without love there is nothing. With love there is everything." So, dreaming of love with Stella, we took a long last look and split. ♡

Golden girl offers love and affection to one who'll give it back









THE BEAUTY AND THE BISTRO

A BIG WRECKING ball poised at an old haroque building with large letters carved across its ancient wood—

TEATRO DELLA COMMEDIA

—then the wicked black iron globe on its slack cable arc'd into a paper posted on the wall announcing REMI's COMMEDIA and took it all down.

It was the last remaining wall of the building and a bulldozer followed to level it. Just then a large old van slowed alongside on the road then pulled sharply in front of the dozer to stop it. On the side of the van was ornate carnival lettering —

REMI'S COMMEDIA
DELL'ARTE

—with the laugh mask on one side, the cry mask on the other.

The fair haired head of a young man came craning out of the window of the truck cab and he shouted over his motor and the idling diesel of the bulldozer: "Ey, Goldoni, what you doing to us? You know we come to Vitali every fall!"

The man in flop hat supervising the wrecking gave a big shrug with his suspended shoulders. "Ey, Remi—couldn't hold it out for you. You remember that weak corner from the concussion bomb? It just went." He scratched his head under his hat ruefully. "I guess this is the last war casualty for our town, the

Teatro. Too bad for art."

"Screw art," said Remi, bringing the cab door open with his large frame and standing out at an angle and surveying the scene. To Remi it was a brutal memoir of his tramp up the boot of Italy with the Sixth just three years before, by the bomb's early light and the bodies bursting in air.

"And how about us?" Remi said finally. "Where does that leave us?"

"How about me?" the bulldozer driver cut in, his goggles pushed up to make two white clown eyes in his dust-blackened face.

Remi waved his hand at him, all right, all right, and he subsided into his cab, roared up the truck and hacked it away. The dozer lunged forward and as it crunched over the skeleton of the building exploding it into dust, Remi saw for a traumatic moment the tank that tried to run him down and he shook his head fiercely.

A soldier falls or runs away and he's made his separate peace. But the public war was done and still Sal Doremus, of Brooklyn, hadn't made his. Shocked into unreality as the tank treads veered left to catch a huddy instead of him, coming out of battle shock in an area hospital in Italy, he elected to muster out and play it by ear, first in Naples then in

Athens. There the great tragedies staged in the ruins where they had been first-nighted centuries ago, the words only Greek to him, became the wind of all the dark and bright voices echoing down the alley of time to Sal Doremus.

Nights in the slums among the expatriates of all the combatant nations, in the midst of the pangs of peace, Sal became aware that the survivors clung to Art like the piece of wood that hobbled up Ishmael after the ship sank with Moby Dick. That art is the great cheer-up in all languages.

He fell in with some Italian players who felt there was only one way to get back at the gods of war and that was to laugh in their face. They would play only comedy, revive the great art of farce, the *commedia dell'arte*, be like the old Italian traveling players who taught even Shakespeare.

Sal put all his outraged soul into make-believe—it worked, it kept him sane. He was good, their Remi, and they made him the lead and called it his troupe.

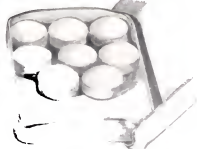
Now on their third winter stop in the town of Vitali, in the middle of Italy, the dust from the flattened theatre was subsiding like a curtain falling.

THE CANVAS WALL came up like a
!turn to page 48

The ex-GI bid farewell to arms—but not to those of the winsome Italian wench who danced naked in the rain.



AT LAST! THE MAN GETS SOME INSURANCE





BIRTH CONTROL PILL FOR MEN

by George Stokes

WITH THE BIRTH control crisis striking all countries of the world, scientists are devoting more and more research studies to the development of satisfactory contraceptive drugs.

Since 1838 when German physicist Friedrich Wilde invented the diaphragm, researchers and chemists have produced condoms, creams, pastes, interuterine devices and various birth control pills to react on the female menstrual cycle.

Now a pill is about to be made available to the American male that will safely restrict birth-producing qualities of sperm without affecting other organs of the body. With its use, accidental pregnancy will be impossible and use of the drug will require no interruption of pre-coital love play or the sex act itself.

After a decade and a half of research, the Ortho Research Foundation, a U.S. institute leading the field of anti-fertility, has released statements describing a new pill they are currently working with. According to a spokesman for the foundation, a single dose of their formula will temporarily destroy production of the male sperm for up to a month. Use of this drug is said to invoke no additional effect on a man's sex drive, his virility or his capacity to experience the pleasures of intercourse, including orgasm.

Semen will be present in sufficient quantities, but it will contain no active reproductive sperm cells. Compared with the popular birth control pills for women, which prevent ovulation or development of the female seed by reacting with the pituitary gland, the anti-fertility pill could be called a birth control break-

through. It will cause no unwanted side effects, such as weight gaining and changes in the physical makeup of the individual, common to women who use typical birth control pills.

Ortho's new pill merely prevents the possibility of pregnancy temporarily, and the restrictive process can be reversed by discontinuance of its use.

THE PILL FROM ORTHO foundation has been developed by extensive research and experimentation, with scientists and chemists battling an almost impossible set of conditions. When the original research began years ago it was decided that successful drugs would have to achieve the desired results without interfering with a man's sex drive or physical activity. It could not render a man uninterested in women or affect his secondary sex characteristics in any form.

The drug could not be acceptable, for instance, if it caused the masculine voice to become high pitched, or if it restricted beard growth; and it could not have any effect on hormone development.

It would have to be totally safe despite the wide variation of drug tolerance in human beings. The drug could contain no cumulative bad effects, even if it were taken over a period of years. It would also have to prevent users from building up a resistance and diminishing its effectiveness.

A popular anti-fertility pill would have to be easy to take and inexpensive. It was a tall order, indeed, for the development of any product.

They knew that if a drug could

turn to page 64

AINST BEING TRAPPED INTO MARRIAGE BY A WILY SEX PARTNER!

De Luxe Diane

5'2" MIGHTY MITE
PROVES FINE GOODIES
COME IN SMALL
PACKAGES



WEBSTER DEFINES

"De Luxe" as: "characterized by special elegance, sumptuousness, or fineness." And that certainly sums up the yummy Diane Curran. This tasty 19 year old tidbit breasts the lucky tapes at a whopping 39,25,34 and all of it silky smooth and choicely. Born in Germany, she moved to California at a tender age, and once schooling was out of the way, she began racking up several sweet bits parts in pictures.

turn the









bster doesn't de-
s "Kook," but
r none knows it
ans "giddy, mad,
nging, joking,
ny and delightful."
l that again sums
Diane. Dig the
gging lovely on
bed. That's the
il impression one
ries tenderly away
even after having
n on an intimate
r of Miss Curtis. ☺



**SHE LOVES MYSTICISM,
NAUGHTY LIMERICKS,
GAUZY GOWNS, AND
A GOOD TIME**



Examine your automobile policy carefully! Do you have East-West buffalo coverage?

THE INSURANCE RACKET bugs me. Not only do I not understand all that fine print on my policy (to say nothing of the large print) but I resent the fact that their con is making them shamefully rich at the expense of stupes like me.

Recently I was driving a heavy M1 Command car (I collect WW2 vehicles) down Sunset Boulevard when I was hit by an enraged Volkswagen which tore off my left rear fender, my right front headlight, and smashed the tuning knob on my radio. Difficult, yes. But as I said, he was enraged.

His car had a dented bumper.

So after the ritual of exchanging names and the identi-

SWEET STATISTICAL CHARITY

ties of our respective insurance agents, I called my man to report.

"J. Frederick Jones?" I inquired.

"Maybe."

"This is an old client of yours and your company, United States Insurance." I identified myself and went on. "I want to report my first accident in years. I was ravaged by a little car on Sunset Boulevard and..."

"Just one moment," he interrupted. "Which direction were you going?"

I considered. "Well, in Hollywood, Sunset goes only about east and west."

"Ah ha!" he hissed (which is difficult, but he did it.) "As I recall, you have a north-south policy!"

"Oh?"

"Of course. Do you think we're running some sort of lousy philanthropy?"

"But I don't understand..."

"Look, shmuck. If you'll read your policy carefully, you'll see that you are fully covered in the event of an east-west accident."

"Good!"

"Only if you are hit by a buffalo. Cars, no. Statistics prove that cars have cost us money, east-west speaking on Sunset."

I pondered this information weakly. "Statistics?"

"Sure," he rasped. "Look, boobie, I feel expansive, so I'll explain it to you easy. Driving in New York, Chicago, Los Angeles, can lead to accidents? Right?"

"Well... Sure."

"Ok. Now why don't you get into something safe? We can write you a real good policy on bobsledding in Panama. Or on flying a B-29 in Mammoth Cave. Nobody ever got hurt doing that."

"But about my car..."

/ turn the page

by Sidney Cortez



STATISTICAL CHARITY, from page 35

"You see, it can all be explained neatly by statistics. US, that is, United States Insurance, we put our best brains to work and figured out that a guy with his feet in boiling water, and his head in a freeze chamber would be, on the average, very comfortable. Right?"

"Yeah, but..."

"Look, you tryin' to louse up the mathematics of Statistics?"

I whimpered "No," for him. "But what about paying for my damages?"

"You are so rotten commercial! My! You think we're made of money?"

I almost said yes, but I was learning. "Statistically, no?"

"You're getting it, pal," admitted J. Frederick Jones. "But I'll lay it out for you. Know what the safest way is to travel? Nose cone. Umpteen million miles flown, and not one astronaut fatality. Get into that line. Know what the only sport is we insure? Skiing in Egypt. Know what the only occupation we love is? Bricklaying on TWA airliners. Do you realize we offer fire insurance on Stonehenge? Theft Insurance on the Empire State Building? Tell you what," he went on.

"Yes," I gasped.

"You wanna crash a 1948 Hudson Terraplane against Stalin's Tomb, we of US will cover you."

"Great," I thrilled.

"We'll cover you for getting rickets or parrot fever in the event you're not arrested. But not if you have a north-south policy. Because Red Square is more of a rectangle, and it runs sorta east-west. Unless you'd like the buffalo provision written in?"

"No. Man. I think I had that one, didn't I."

"Let me check." Humming telephone wire noise. "Here it is. Did you have a male or a female buff?"

"That matters?"

"Of course. All Insurance Companies know that a female buffalo is more horny during the year than a male."

"During the year?" I whimpered again.

"Acquarily, that is. Did I explain statistics to you?"

"Yes," I yelled.

"Okay, then. Now I have an out for you. If you'll go on television with me, and let the nation see me handing you a check, and then let them see me with my cupped hands saying, 'You're in swell hands with US,' why maybe my company can see it's way to pay you off."

"I'm hip, I'm ready," I fawned and wept.

So I joined J. Frederick Jones in front of his office. A camera crew was there, and after making me put on a tie, and having a makeup man add tear streaks to my face, we enacted the beloved American scene. "You're in good hands, with US," said Jones after he had described my plight. He handed me a large box. "US pays off, always," he announced, his pink face in a pout of piety and commiseration.

Gleefully, I sped home in my rental car.

I opened my box.

It contained fifty pounds of steel wool, a plastic Moshe Dayan eye patch and a button.

And a note: "Glue the patch over your headlight. Paste the button onto your tuning knob. Get some old retired whore to knit you a fender out of the wool."

I cried. But not as much as when I read the P.S.

"Your policy is cancelled." ☹

PHARAOHS, from page 17

The cellar extended beneath the sidewalk. At the entrance to the store there was a glass vault light missing which afforded quite a private view of any woman who stood over it. Women often chatted there. I had fun poking a bamboo stick up through the hole, and hearing them yelp. They never knew where the jab came from.

FLORIO STARTED ME at twenty five cents a week and gradually and begrudgingly raised my salary to two dollars.

He smugly thought he had me so fearful of him that I wouldn't dare pilfer. But I made his store compensate for his cheapness; as a matter of principle, every chance I had I took something. I became the generous big shot of the fifth grade, distributing pistachio nuts, glass eyes, leeches, jock straps, cigarettes, sweets, smelly powders for stink bombs, laxatives, chewing gum, perfumes and pomades. I brought medical books to school. During recess I gathered my pals and showed them the colored illustrations of a woman's sex organs, which properly impressed and horrified them; and we snickeringly borrowed such terms as menstruation, vagina, rectum, and wrote notes to the girls.

On Sunday mornings when Florio was home I sneaked friends into the rear storeroom and let them see and handle the suspended human skeleton and the big jar containing the freak two-headed fetus floating in liquid preservative.

At the beginning of the fifth term I had trouble with the teacher, Miss Mains, an old-fashioned red-haired spinster. After rashly finishing a test, I drew a dirty picture of her, and passed it around. The boys and girls laughed. She saw it handed back to me and demanded it. I crumpled it and put it in my mouth. She came to me and tried to force my mouth open. As I chewed and swallowed it, she slapped me. She marched me to the front of the room, faced me to the class and said, "Children, this is Peter Di Donato, the perfect example of a cheat and showoff!"

She kept me after school. "Miss Mains," I said, "the kids know I'm not a cheat. That paper had nothing to do with the test. On it was a picture I drew of you."

She blushed, and permitted me to leave. From then on she favored me, and a strange, nice friendship developed between us. I enjoyed being near her, to smell her certain fresh fragrance. It was an innocent affection.

The kids said I was Miss Mains' pet. A jealous kid said I was a wop. I punched his nose. He bawled to Miss Mains and complained that I had called him an "Irish fuck." She told him there was no harm in being called an "Irish fox," and because he insisted otherwise, she made him write "Irish fox" a hundred times.

One of the fifth grade subjects was physiology. Physiology was my meat. I'd get up and recite the process of digestion, making the trip of a piece of bread through the system an odyssey.

Miss Mains brought out the good in me and changed me from the problem of the class to the shining light. I liked her best in the morning when, following our pledge of allegiance to the flag and singing "My Country 'Tis of Thee," she sat at her desk and in a soft, fervent voice, read the Twenty-third Psalm. I can still hear her beginning: "The Lord is my shepherd: I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: He leadeth me beside the still waters..."

FLORIO WAS GOING to a druggists' convention. He and Mr. Popora were behind the cosmetic counter. They didn't

notice me. Florio took out some white balloons from a drawer, put them in his pocket and said chuckingly, "I ain't bringing home any presents to the wife. At the cat-house in Atlantic City I'm going to wash my feet with my socks on."

Mr. Popora said, "Yeah, it doesn't pay to take chances." I couldn't make head or tail out of their dialogue.

I couldn't figure out the place of balloons in the drugstore. Intrigued, I saw further action. A woman would come in, say something into the nurse's ear, and the nurse would sell her balloons. A man would say something that could not be overheard to Mr. Popora, and Mr. Popora would sell him balloons. It seemed ridiculous. I investigated the drawer. It was full of neatly rolled white balloons in packages. All it said on the packages was *Pharaohs*. I unrolled a balloon. It was sausage-shaped. I took a few packages.

AT RECESS I stayed in the classroom, blowing into a balloon to see how big it would get before bursting. The thing expanded but wouldn't burst. Miss Mains looked up from her desk and said, "Peter, that's a pretty balloon."

I brought it to her. "It sure is made of tough rubber. Miss Mains," I said. "I blew with all my might and couldn't break it."

She examined it and commented, "It has a strong rim. I have never seen this kind of balloon. It must be a special foreign make."

When the kids came back I handed out balloons. They blew themselves dizzy and couldn't break one. We coaxed Miss Mains to try. Her balloon became enormous and finally burst.

She asked me where I had bought them. I pretended that my father had gotten them in New York for me. "The name on the package is 'Pharaohs,'" I said. "What does that mean?"

"Peter, the Pharaohs were the kings of Egypt, long, long ago." She went into a lyrical description of ancient Egypt with its deserts, camels, pyramids, crocodiles and mummies. So we kids concluded that the Pharaohs I brought were Egyptian balloons.

The Egyptian balloons made me more popular than ever. We swatted them around, put a steel marble in them, tied the end and made them flop over and walk and tested how much water they would hold.

UNLOADING A PHARMACEUTICAL supply truck I saw cartons of Pharaohs. When the driver went into the store to check the delivery list with Florio I took a carton and cached it in the cellar.

It was two days to Christmas. All the classes were going to have a party in the assembly hall next to our room. What was I going to do with my hundreds of Egyptian balloons? I remembered how in parades, in the amusement park and in festive movie scenes flocks of balloons were gaily released. I told Miss Mains my father had given me a carton of balloons, and that I thought it would be fun to have each kid in the class suddenly let go bunches of balloons at the end of the Christmas party.

She thought it would be great. By the morning of the day of the party, Miss Mains, the kids and I improvised more ideas. There was an illuminating gas jet in the room. We attached a hose to the jet, filled the balloons with gas, and knotted the ends. When let go, a balloon would zoom right up to the ceiling. We decorated many of the balloons with watercolor, painting faces and the names of the principal and teachers.

MANY PARENTS CAME to the party. On the dais were the principal, Mr. Carter, Santa Claus and a minister. The speeches and songs were over. Santa Claus gave out boxes of candy. The minister said a prayer.

Miss Mains got up and proudly announced that the fifth grade had a surprise ending for the party, arranged by "Peter Di Donato." There was applause.

Our balloons were hidden in large paper bags. Miss Mains nodded to us. We ripped the bags and let the hundreds of balloons sail. It was spectacular. They bounced and clustered and went up in a white rubbery mass to the ceiling. But something went very wrong. The principal's face reddened. The adults whispered, muttered, arose and angrily left. The teachers hastily dismissed their classes.

I was told to report to the principal. In his office Mr. Carter questioned me about the balloons. I told him the truth—that I had stolen them.

He said meanly, "You're an impossible, destructive boy. You disgraced Number Three School. We cannot have you in this school."

I vowed that I would pay for the balloons.

"My boy," he said, "there's more to it than that."

I asked him what was I really being expelled for. He would not tell me the reason.

I was confused and went to the drugstore. Mr. Carter had phoned Florio.

Florio booted me and shouted, "Idiot, you fill the school with my condoms? I'll kick your brains out!"

Mr. Popora intervened. "Florio, the boy doesn't know what he's being punished for." Then he explained to me, "Petey, Pharaohs are condoms—"

I shook my head incomprehensibly and said I thought they were balloons.

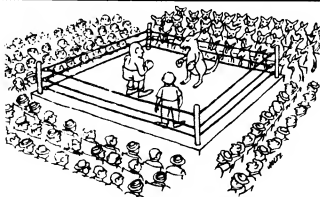
"Petey, condoms are used for—a—You know how babies are made?"

I answered, "Of course, Mr. Popora."

"Very well. You see—when a man wants to make love and not have the woman get pregnant—well—he puts a Pharaoh on his 'thing'—on his you-know-what—understand?"

I told him I understood then.

I returned to school to clear out my desk. Expulsion from public school meant I would go to parochial school. Miss Mains was emptying her desk too. She had resigned in shame. I told her I was terribly sorry. She wept silently. I could hear the two janitors in the assembly hall, moving their tall ladders and puncturing the inflated Pharaohs, each going off with a bang. ☺



for himself and his family only to lose it in its entirety through the divorce courts of the land where the mickey-mouse of argument is boiled down to reality.

And the reality of it parallels the reality of gambling in Vegas: The winner is the one who comes away from the arena most heavily laden down. There is a reason for this contemporary contradiction. It is a rationale sunk to its knees in the Kafka-esque dimensions of our society. *Therein* lies the area for explication—to which end we steadily move as I first give examples of the disease. After which, I will name the ailment and suggest a cure.

But first, four splendid case histories of the plague.

THE CASE OF THE PUSH-ME / PULL-YOU

You remember Dr. Dolittle, the children's storybook character, who had the double-headed llama? With a head on either end, it wanted to go in two directions at the same time. He called it the push-me-pull-you. That poor, unfortunate beast has its contemporary parallel in such poor, unfortunate guys as David G. He was totally whacked out of his mind over a stunning brownette (who later went silver blonde) named Casey B.

They did the usual procedural numbers that lead inevitably (if both parties are reasonably sane) to the bedroom. They got to know one another in Los Angeles, dated, made it, had groovy times and stinky times, and seemed fated to matrimony. Then Casey began having very strange misgivings. At first, none of them had anything to do with David, *per se*. She was worried about "where she was going" and about "whether she was fulfilling herself" and if her "personality wasn't being subverted" to his. So she started running.

She went off to New York and did some modeling, did some singing around in the little clubs, got involved with a succession of married men, dumped them, took odd jobs as Executive Secretary to various acquaintances (a surprising facet of Casey's character was that whatever she went at she did well; almost miraculously, in any office where she accepted employ, even in a steno pool, within weeks she was Girl Friday or Top Honcho to the executives), and made a sporadic if occasionally scintillant life for herself in Manhattan.

All through this period—several years, to be precise—she exchanged letters with David. I love you, David. I need you, David. I know you need me, David. But I am at a crossroads of my life. I haven't decided what to do. I am confused. The usual maunderings of a woman still trapped mentally by her adolescence, walking around in a grown-up's body. Finally, David came to visit her in New York. By this time she was working promotionally for *Playboy*. Yes, she was *that* much a knockout.

He had taken a leave of absence from his law office and he moved in with her, in her New York apartment. For a week they got reacquainted. Dinner, dancing, nightclubbing, long walks in Central Park, hansom cab rides up Fifth Avenue, midnight tours on the Staten Island Ferry back and forth, movies in the Village, the works. They grew closer and closer together. The separation seemingly had caused Casey to realize she loved David more than her doubts. Because in her way, Casey was in love with her vacillation. It allowed her to poise there between childhood and maturity, without accepting the helplessness of the one or the responsibilities of the other. She had been safe, on the edge.

Now she was grooving with David so completely, he was certain it was all about to fall into place. He had won the fair lady. She went to work for the *bushy-bushy* folks one evening and didn't come back to the apartment that night. David was frantic. Late the next day she waltzed in, started packing her suitcases, and told him she had accepted the bunny-motherhood of their New Orleans club. He started shrieking. You would, too, if a girl did numbers like that on your head. Push-me, pull-you.

He said *screw off* and went back to Los Angeles. She went down to New Orleans, and then began a repetition of the letter and heartache exchange that had characterized her months in New York.

One thing about the human animal. It seldom learns from the past. It seldom thinks in terms of repetition, merely because the locales and situations have altered. But after two more years of this nonsense, David was again thoroughly hooked by his need for her, and her obvious anguish in the snake pit scene the New Orleans Playboy Club had become. For weeks they planned his leave of absence, his staying with her, their marriage.

He again made the longest trek of all, through the country of fear, and when he arrived there at seven o'clock on a Saturday night, he found her getting ready to go to work at the Club. "Tell them you're sick," he told her. She couldn't. She had taken Marie's place, because Marie had worked for her Thursday, and Marie was out with her boyfriend, who was married, and his wife was away for the week and they had this lodge and...

David belted her. Five years of incredible frustrations and push-me, pull-you had done their damage. He was now incapable of rational behavior. He almost broke her in pieces. And when he saw what he had done to her, he was so horrified, so desperate, so helpless in the face of the madness this girl had chosen as a way of life that he fled.

Back to Los Angeles. He does not answer her letters. She is now going with a married man. David has never married. His cynicism about women is a classic example of the breed. The modern woman had let him win, and then showed him he had lost everything.

THE CASE OF THE FRIGID FLAME

Michelle D. has one of those faces you see in *Vogue*. All cheekbones and dark eyes and strong chin. If ever there was a woman made for love physically, it is Michelle. She is the assistant production executive on a popular television series. She has her own office, her own secretary, a lovely apartment, runs with the most "in" set and leads a life nine out of ten women would give their menopause to lead. She is desperately unhappy.

She cannot relate to men. She was briefly married, four years ago, to a man who was so inferior to her, intellectually, that she outgrew him within months of their wedding day and came to despise him. The next transition was to loathing and the need to demean him, in his own eyes and in the eyes of others. He retaliated by cheating on her, and it was impetuous enough for her to divorce him.

Now she leads her career life, dates frequently, but gets her kicks from a cynical and totally unfeminine domination over the men she dates. She has sexual congress only when she feels like it, which is seldom. She uses it as a last resort, when everything else fails to break the spirit of the man she's seeing at that time.

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DVE/HAGHT

San Francisco is one of those fabulous cities of the world. It has everything: personality, charm, tradition... hills and seagulls and lovely women. ☺ It also has a district known as Haight-

Ashbury. ☺ These are photographs of its inhabitants. At first glance they seem harmless enough — couples engaged in love play, people eating at free soup kitchens in the park or leaping in the air just for the hell of it. There is something Biblical and wild and unbridled about these faces. ☺ Is it something un-American? Have these "drifters" converged here from some other land to undermine the structure of society as we know it? ☺ Way back in 1892, Walt Whitman, old and half paralyzed, was asked by some nincompoops running a survey on of all things—"The Attributes of Perfect Manhood," what his thoughts were on the subject. The old giant, looking like a lion suffering from indigestion, gave them a mouthful. Said he, in part:

"Perhaps I may... help by growling a little, as follows: For one thing out of many, the tendency in this Commonwealth seems to favor and call for and breed especially smart men. To describe it... extra sharply I should say we New

Worlders are in danger of turning out the trickiest, slyest, cutest, most cheating people that ever lived. These qualities are getting radically in our business, politics, literature, manners, and filtering in our essential character... They taint the splendid and healthy American qualities, and had better be well understood like a threatening danger, and confronted and provided against."

☺ Seventy-five years and five wars later, the "essential character" of American life hasn't changed for the better. It has become so stifling and immoral (anti-human) that an entire generation is now more or less, in some degree or another, in

open revolt. ☺ The extreme and visible fringe of this revolt is the hippie. He took a look at the money-making, whisky-drinking, tranquilizer-taking, war-mongering, goal-oriented, racist, middle-upper-lower class gestalt and dropped the package. And no one is about to make him pick it up. ☺ The big boys and the medium-sized boys, in office and in uniform, the politicians, the con men and the up-tight boys, are wetting their pants because they realize that no Establishment is an Establishment without lots

☺ and lots of willing dupes below to support it. The liquor manufacturers and the cigarette makers are worried because the new generation isn't following in that good old healthy tradition of whooping it up and dying of lung

turn the page





cancer like flies. Their sales slips are showing . . . And they don't know what to do. So they open their pseudo-mouths in the magazines and newspapers to lament the state of the Union. On TV and elsewhere they begin a parody and a tearing down of this new thing they couldn't understand if you gave them a million years. It is too grotesque, too dirty, too far-fetched, too idiotic, too unbelievable for their cozy Victorian minds. The psychedelic angle frightens them out of their cotton-rabbit minds already dulled by years of alcohol and a myopic hold on reality. And so it is war. Oh, a very subtle war, to be sure, fought under the most uncomfortable of postures. After all, the enemy refuses to fight like a gentleman. He won't come out fighting at the sound of the bell. He wants out! Wants to meditate, for God's sake! Wants to make love! Give up his possessions! When they invade his beloved tribal haunts—and Haight-Ashbury has had it—he departs for new ones. When they have him pinned down to a type, he ups and holds his own funeral, evading everybody and leaving the faintest trace of incense and marijuana in the air. Disgusting! But the strange thing is that we all know, deep down, that the way the hippie lives and reacts is in many ways a much wiser

way than the way we go about our business of living. Or, if we have made our peace with ourselves, with job, family and possessions, we then know that everyone else is entitled to live his life in accordance with the dictates of his conscience. It is only when our minds are filled with sham that we tend to see sham in everything around us, and it is then that the unorthodox behavior of the hippie strikes us as a pose or a threat, a ridiculous gesturing filled with dangerous overtones. Or we may attempt to dismiss him on the basis of some specific detail which then covers up the real reasons behind our intransigence: "Look how dirty he is. Doesn't he ever bathe?"

turn the page



There are no statistics available on the subject but assuming, for the sake of argument, the hippie is the Great Unwashed, it can be countered that the dirt behind his ears is of far lesser consequence than the inner dirt of hypocrisy we accumulate on every fold of our minds. Our mores and double standards are a form of dirt more reprehensible than its visible counterpart. It is dirt so thick that we are able to play the game of ostrich, ignoring the challenge of the hippie by burying our heads in it. But let's face it, no subterfuge works forever. ♣ That the hippie has come into being is a miracle. That after all the brainwashed years of a mechanistic, materialist, industrial existence there can be human beings who drink from another fountain is a cause for admiration, if nothing else. The waters come from Emerson and Thoreau and Whitman, from Gandhi and Buddha and Christ. He follows the words of the "Desiderata," that anonymous little statement found in a Baltimore church in the 17th century: "Be yourself. Especially, do not feign affection. Neither be cynical about love; for in the face of all aridity and disenchantment it is perennial as the grass." ♣ The "Desiderata" tells him to be gentle. Is he? Look at these photographs and determine for yourself. You might, while you are at it, take a good look at yourself, for this whole thing is about life, nothing else. And we should be humble enough to acknowledge that all the orthodox trappings of our civilization amount to little more than a heap of discardable masks, useful in evading the issues of existence, in promoting a vague and ultimately false sense of comfort in a Universe not geared to the Ego. ♣ All the great religions of the world have hinted at an ultimate truth available at the individual level. All point to the task of coming to grips with oneself, implying that nothing on this earth is truly ours, that we should view our life as passage, and travel light. ♣ This is the important truth that the hippie has somehow grasped. He has turned his face away from the political scramble, the corporate struggle, the world power plays that have never solved anything. And he has sat down with his fellow creatures; he has heard their music and he has smiled. ♡





Most people who know her think she is frigid. Nothing could be further from the truth. Her desires and her repressions are so in conflict that they burst out in the most bizarre ways. She leads a class in "action painting," during which sessions nude models are sprayed with paint and then ordered to roll around on great canvases stretched on the floor. She has taken part—wearing a black leather "executioner's" hood and long black boots—in an underground sex movie whose thin plot chiefly exists as a diversion allowing Michelle to whip and beat three very young, extremely thin young men. She exhibits her pet Akitas (gigantic Japanese watchdogs) at frequent shows.

For three weeks earlier this year, she was dating a Hollywood writer known as rather a strong personality. Their relationship was two-fold. Intellectually she was constantly sparring with him, carrying a lance of erudite sarcasm. Sexually she was teasing him, making herself so attractive yet unassailable that he was devoting all his time to coping with and unraveling her. Finally, when he had had enough preliminaries and was intent on establishing some realistic basis for a permanent relationship, she did him in. How?

Modus operandi for a Michelle. She let him take her to dinner at the posh Kirkeby Center Club in Westwood, did the entire nine course meal number, went back to his home with him (on the pretext of cursing the Joe Pyne Show) and wound up on his bed (at the foot of which is a small color TV) necking heavily. It went on for the better part of two hours, with Michelle employing every wile known to woman.

After two hours, and the writer somewhat the worse for wear, she turned to him and said, "I've really tried to get turned on...and you know I like you very much...we have marvelous times together...and we're intellectually very compatible...but you know how it is...sometimes someone just doesn't get to you on that level." Needless to say, the writer put her in his car, took her home, and has not called her again. She could not win the war, but she was incapable of allowing herself to lose it.

In her mind, Michelle keeps saying *If I meet one who's stronger than me, I'll be his*. But when she met him, and he demonstrated his capacities, she found that she had been too long immersed in the destructiveness of her own confused personality. She was incapable of reaping the very rewards she had set out to win. Michelle is an example of the crippling effects of fighting the war—in which there can be neither winner nor conqueror. Only losers and vanquished.

THE CASE OF THE EPHEMERAL DELIGHT

He had spent ten years as a bachelor, making enough money to get himself a home that was a showplace. He had spared no expense in decorating it, filling it with every convenience and art object his good taste demanded. He thought of it—in his secret place—as a kind of dowry for the girl who would eventually come to be his wife. He was even thoughtful enough to leave two rooms unfurnished, quite empty, so that she would have the joy of doing it herself, whomever she might be, when they were married. He wanted her to think of it as her home.

He was a nice guy, very bright, half-partner in a prosperous accounting and tax firm. Good looking, clean, in every way a good catch. He had waited because he wanted to make no mistakes. He had too many friends who had married hastily, usually strictly on the good looks or ready

bodies of the girls they'd dated. He had a dream girl in mind, though his approach was totally realistic. He merely wanted a good chick who would love and care about him.

He met Buffy in a most peculiar manner, but his dreams were—as stated—flexible and realistic enough to accommodate any wild happenstance. A photographer friend of his, needing a background locale for shooting a nude set of glamour shots on Buffy, called him and asked if they might use the house. He said okay, and later that day the photographer showed up with Buffy.

He instantly dug her. Small, bright, fresh and with an outdoor cleanliness to her that was immediately on the wave length he had been tuned to, he finally asked her for a date. She accepted, and the relationship seemed destined for good things from the start. After all, hadn't he seen her in the nude, unashamed and posing, all that day? What possible hangup could she have? Certainly not false Victorian modesty.

He took Buffy out the next night, and they had a marvelous time. He treated her the same way he would have treated a girl he had not seen undressed, choosing rather to go "through channels" in the relationship and court her as he would any top-flight candidate. On the second date they went to bed together, and it worked fine. She stayed the entire weekend. Then the lunacy began.

He made a date with her. She was to drive up to his house from her home in the suburbs later that day, as he was tied up at the office. He waited six hours. She never showed. He could not reach her by phone. Two weeks later she called and apologized, offering no explanation of what had happened. He was shook up, but decided not to press it. Buffy was a prize, and he wanted that prize. He made another date. The same thing happened.

The second time she called to apologize, he took the call. She was in tears...she was desperately sorry...she wanted him to like her...please give her another chance. He went for it. Another date was made. This time she showed up, and he wished she hadn't. She was coarse, sarcastic, surly, thoroughly unpleasant. The evening ended with him taking her home and vowing he would never see her again.

But he is still seeing her. And she is still doing numbers on his head. She has ruined him for any other girl and certainly ruined him for his dream girl, should she ever present herself. Buffy is a case of shell-shock in the War Between The Sexes. She had been mishandled by bad operators long before he ever got to her. She had been debased and turned around, and her mind had been blown by her sexual availability without making any distinctions between good and bad.

She had not been discerning. She developed patterns of irresponsibility that worked well for the studs and playboys she had come into contact with previously, but which were totally improper for a good guy who merely wanted to love her. She had gone through the battles, and come out with the thunder of the guns in her head. A kind of thunder that makes rational thought impossible. What will happen to Buffy does not matter—she's been ruined. What happens to him is in the nature of a crime.

But then, war is hell.

THE CASE OF THE PRINCESS WHO BECAME A TOAD

Roger H. met and courted and married his princess, the

fair Carrie. She was a college graduate, had played flute in symphony orchestras, dabbled in painting and had exhibited in several cities, loved him and loved sex with him. They had been married two years and three months when Roger tried to call her at the home of the girl friend where she was supposedly spending the evening and getting no answer, began to suspect there were things happening that perhaps he didn't understand.

Slow to doubt, slower to form suspicions, it went on for another four months, till he hired a detective who tracked her movements. She was meeting men (plural) and letting them pick her up, meeting men (very plural) at discotheques (plural) and going home with them. She was, in short, screwing anything that moved. Roger's princess had turned into a toad.

The effect on him was cataclysmic. He was unable to do anything concrete about the report from the detective for several days. Then he went to his minister and got no satisfactory indications of which way to turn. He called a psychiatrist friend and went for a long talk. When he had poured out his anguish, the psychiatrist suggested simply that Roger thrash it out completely with Carrie that night. Roger finally agreed, summoned up the nerve to do it—and had to wait. Carrie had a "date" that night. He was too battered by his own thoughts to broach the subject when she toddled in at three in the morning. He pretended he was asleep.

But the next morning at the breakfast table he went at it. He gave her chapter and verse, names and addresses, so she would know he was onto the entire scene. She did not react as he had always understood women were supposed to react. She became offensive, said he was stifling her, that their life together had become a boring mixture of ennui and quiet desperation. He could not believe his ears. It had been only two and a half years. He was young, still liked to move around and see things. She was obviously over-reacting and building a rationalization for her own indiscretions.

When he was finally able to sort out the threads of what she was saying, and implying, Roger learned that his Princess had *always* been a toad. Carrie had been brought up to respect the virtues of maidenhood, education, familial closeness and religiousness. She had been aided and abetted by family and friends in the pursuance of her career as a flautist (she rated the "a" because she had studied flute in Europe) and had fitted into her culture perfectly. Unfortunately, her culture kept changing, and its standards of ethic and morality kept changing. And while Carrie was unaware of its evolution around her, she found it increasingly difficult to keep as perfectly tuned in as she had been when she'd started, or even when she had married Roger.

She was, quite literally, a foot soldier in the War, who kept being sent up to the front lines and finding the plan of attack had been changed while she was en route. Confused and perplexed by her own inner dissatisfactions, by her feelings that the world was "passing her by," she tried to adapt and adapt. Without success. She was stuck with goals of maturity and meaning that had been formulated in adolescence in a time now dead, even ten years dead, which is more than time enough.

She was out of phase, and her reaction was the reaction of soldiers on a battlefield who have just had it: She ran amuck. She went, as they put it in the trenches, section 8. Battle fatigue had caught up with the princess, and poof! she was a toad. Unfortunately, the old fairy tale did not

prevail for poor Rodger. He put her under his pillow, kissed her, and woke up the next morning to find neither princess nor toad in his bed. He woke to find her gone.

NOW THAT WE HAVE taken a guided tour across the littered battlefield of the war and seen the nature of the casualties, the strange symptoms of a disease that is eating alive the women of today, it behooves me to provide an answer to the question, why?

Stripping it of all the obfuscating irrelevancies, it boils down to something as subtle and disturbing as this. Sociologists and anthropologists thought for many years that man was evolving, that his culture remained fairly constant, and he evolved within it. Current scientific thought repudiates this theory. The almost universally accepted theory today is that man ceased evolving some ten thousand years ago, and it is his culture that is evolving around him.

Thus, the woman of today, systemically a creature of evolution, is confronted with a society that changes almost moment-to-moment around her. (One observer of the social scene has commented wryly that the period between generations now is closer to fifteen minutes than fifteen years.) In trying to keep up, in trying to pursue the elusive wraith of "youth" that is promulgated through all the mass media as the *ne plus ultra*, in trying to satisfy herself as a woman, in the feminine extremes of that word while fulfilling herself intellectually, emotionally, creatively, socially and esthetically she begins to fight herself.

She becomes an internal dichotomy, almost schizoid, two intellects within one body, each fighting desperately and fruitfully for control of a body that can barely satisfy the needs of a single intellect. Thus, we are confronted with the truly insane female. The woman who is not satisfied with merely being a woman, who feels she is being cheated or demeaned by accepting the strenuous role of female, that life is passing her by, that she is losing touch with her world and its ephemerally current modes.

It is apparent the man has evolved less rapidly. He is somewhere back there, having held onto the dictums and ordinances of a world that moved less rapidly, that demanded less of him than it does of his woman. It is comparable to a woman standing beside a man who is vibrating at a normal angst cycle for visibility, while she is vibrating twice as fast. To the woman, the man moves at an incredibly slow pace, turtle-like. To the man, the woman is invisible.

The solution?

Obviously, there is no easy solution. It becomes a complex and frightening matter of either slowing down the culture—which is patently impossible—or slowing down the individual—which is almost as improbable.

There is a third, remotely possible answer. End the war between the sexes. Let the man demand *nothing* of the woman, let the woman offer everything she can muster. Dispel suspicion and distrust. Put the male and the female in the same vibratory cycle and they will more closely see each other. For *see*, read *understand*.

But if none of these solutions begins to evolve out of and inside the evolving culture, it is a certainty that the male-female relationship, as we know it, will vanish within fifty years. What replaces it may be a kind of warfare that makes World War III seem like a soft pink and white bunny rabbit story. You have been warned.



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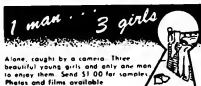
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BEAUTY, from page 25

curtain rising as Remi and the players were pulling it up on the poles, setting it up to square off one of the streets of the piazza. Then they lowered a side of the van, parked in the center of the square, bracing it into a platform stage.

By nightfall a crowd of townspeople filled the benches deployed in the square backed by the canvas wall and there were figures clambered onto light poles and sitting on window ledges and all balconies of buildings within sight of the brightly-lit stage attached to the darkened truck.

On stage Alecchio, harlequin in brilliant patchwork costume like a toucan parrot, said to Vecchio, the green old man, "Why did you get in bed with that virgin in heat if you couldn't stand the gaff?"

On the farthest balcony a shadowed couple sat close, heads leaning together, hearing between each other's heartbeat the country crickets and the distant declaiming voices of the players, while over the crowd below passed gust after gust of laughter like night breezes.

ANOTHER BEDROOM FARCE was playing itself out on the tarnished silver screen of the movie house of Vitali around the corner from the piazza. A flashy Hollywood B picture came to THE END and the lights came up on three farmers' wives and a girl in a peasant blouse and skirt.

She emerged from the little movie house and stood for a moment in front of its garish posters, still caught in the film's pipedream, then a wind brought a splatter of rain, then it started to come down and the crowd in the piazza began to scatter as the canvas wall belled in the rising wind.

The players stopped playing on stage and they jumped down and started reefing the voluptuous canvas. But they kept yelling their lines to finish the play as they fought the sailing cloth, rain streaking their makeup, all of it like some grotesque nocturnal revelry.

The girl came running across the piazza as Remi struggled at a pole where the canvas was hooked, and as it blew out suddenly she got caught in the flapping cloth. Remi folded it over ingeniously as a shelter around the two of them, lit incongruously by the light on the pole. She was startled by the sudden maneuver, the unexpected umbrella of canvas and the harlequin with the greasepaint leer.

Remi said quickly, "Oh, this is just makeup. Underneath it all I'm just a plain simple harlequin. And how did you like me up there on stage?"

"I was in the movie," she said,

breathless from her run.

"A movie when Remi's Commedia is in town?"

She started moving the canvas folds trying to find the exit.

"I have to go," she said, "because we're starting up."

Her breasts under the plastered-wet blouse were taut with her efforts to get out and her soaked skirt clung to her straddled thighs and the folds rode high between them as Remi had never seen in a live woman, only on the classic stone torsos of Athenian sculpture.

"Go," he said quickly, and saw the chiselled beauty of her upturned face. "Go where?"

"The trucks are taking lettuce to Rome tonight. They're giving me a ride and I promised to help." She found the opening and peered into the screen of rain. "Oh, look over there, they're covering the trucks, I must go, I've got to help."

She made her escape and Remi yanked down the canvas and with the other players loaded it on top of their van. They piled in and Remi drove to the produce trucks now circled with their backs together like a bivouac in a neighboring square, the truckers fighting flapping tarpaulins over their mounded loads of lettuce.

Bizarre and grotesque in their costumes, the players joined the truckers and they got the vehicles covered. Then they roofed the space circled by the backs of the trucks with a big tarp and they all sat in under the canvas to rest, smoke, talk. The lute player pulled his instrument from under his cape and began to play, the rain strumming on the canvas overhead, and he sang an antique melody to pass the time away.

From where she was sitting with knees drawn up on a tailgate the girl suddenly jumped down and began to dance slowly, as though to herself, circling past the ends of the trucks into the curtain of rain, then spinning in to the middle, drenched, the water molding to her buoyant breasts, the hollows in her flanks, the undulating belly and the stunningly high arch of her mons veneris, all gyrating in the dance of street light and shadow.

The men watching were silent and withdrawn as though she were wiving them all.

When the dance slowed and ended Remi put his macintosh over the wet girl.

In the small glistening shell of her ear he whispered, "You're a mermaid of the storm."

Again restrained, not in the boldness of her dance, the girl said, "We always dance in the rain."

"Who's we?"

With a flicker of apprehension she said, "My—my sister and I."

Remi looked at her quizzically, but the first truck started its motor revving up, the signal for the men to get going.

The girl dashed off, but Remi caught her again, turning her by the shoulder to him.

"Wait," he said, "where are you going in the city?"

"I've never been there. I don't know."

"But where will you stay?"

She shrugged.

A trucker honked her and she slipped from Remi's hand and dashed to the cab.

Remi shouted after her, "How will I find you?" but his words were lost in the slipstream of noise from the moving caravan of trucks.

Remi ran back to his troupe.

"Wrap it up," he said, "we're going to Rome!"

Mario, lashing up the tarp over the door, looked down in surprise. "Roma? You said you'd die before you played that town."

Another player, Roberto, from the lifted hood said wryly, "Or at least he had to get wounded first," and he made the how of cupid with his hands and released the arrow into his own heart with a poke of a forefinger.

Remi protested, too much. "Look, our wintery palace is down. And here's a caravan off to Rome. Who am I to spit in the face of fate? Who's for Rome?" It was second rate Errol Flynn.

Mario sang out from the door, "City of a million warm embraces..."

From inside the van Luigi, impersonator of females, crooned in a woman's voice, seducing. "Come to Roma..."

Roberto slammed down the hood and, yahooping, raced around to the cab. Remi shouted over to Lorenzo, the luteplayer, kissing a townsgirl under a street lamp. "Roma!" and climbed to the wheel. Lorenzo hoisted himself to the tailgate as the truck lumbered past and kissed his hand, still tasting tartly of her rural bosom. To the forlorn girl, the gesture rustling the strings of the lute under his cape.

Remi stormed ruthlessly up the road on the wrong side passing truck after truck until he caught up to the girl's. Cab to cab, he yelled over, "Ey, sou, hop over, express to Rome." He thumbed Roberto squirming into the back, grinning.

The girl huddled on the seat of the other cab, not moving. The trucker

turn to page 54

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bliss with the "hero" type. Instead, the poor guy has to end up with some insipid ingenue who couldn't hold a candle to the like of Eve Arden, in or out of the bedroom.

So many comediennesses share the same fate. The brilliant Paula Prentiss, for instance, and soon it will happen to Carol Channing. Somewhere lurking in the shadows will be a Phil Silvers or a Fred Clark type, not that I have anything but admiration for these noble gentlemen, but why can't our lovely sexy comediennesses share the matrimonial hed with a Rock Hudson or a George Hamilton? Can you imagine Paul Newman in the final close-up with Carol Burnett? Of course you can't. And why not? Because we've all been brainwashed into believing that comediennesses are devoid of sex appeal.

Bill Mullikin, who played Cornelius in *Hello Dolly* with Ginger Rogers and who appeared successfully in many musical shows, has some very definite views on "funny" girls in relation to sex. I put some questions to him. "If a girl is the life of the party, does she usually end up as the loneliest girl in town?"

"It all depends on timing. A girl must know when to stop. Some guys take their lovemaking very seriously. Let's face it, who wants a gag when you're feeling like Rudolph Valentino?"

"Who in your opinion is the sexiest American comedienne?"

"Of the more mature ladies. I would say without hesitation Lucille Ball is in the lead. Great figure, beautiful blue eyes, flaming red hair—what more do you want? She's gorgeous."

"What about the newer girls?"

"Stella Stevens is marvelous, and so is Maureen Arthur in *How to Succeed in Business*. Then there's Kaye Stevens, really kicky, and a dish as well."

"What about your wife, Bill, is she a funny girl?"

"Good Lord no, she's sweet and demure and shy."

"What would you do if she started delivering the jokes?"

"I'd divorce her instantly."

"You're kidding, of course?"

"Of course."

CAROLE LOMBARD WAS A great comedienne. You must have seen *My Man Godfrey* on the Late Late Show. Carole was also a beauty. We all know that off screen she was a Tomboy and a wild joker, but nothing diminished her sex appeal. She was probably the most important woman in Clark Gable's life, and during that period Clark was the King of Hollywood and possibly the most sought after man in the world. But it was Carole who won him—Carole Lombard with her superb sense of comedy spiced with just the right amount of sex appeal.

It seems that comediennesses are getting more and more attractive. Perhaps it's all part of the great social revolution in America. Values are changing. Lady clowns are in, and maybe the sweet saccharine types that win those dull unreal beauty contests are on the decline.

George Rose, that fine actor from the Old Vic, star of *Man For All Seasons*, *The Royal Hunt of the Sun*, and currently co-starring with Norman Wisdom in *Walking Happy*, was a great friend of the marvelous Kay Kendall. "Now there was a girl who had that unbeatable combination—wit, charm and a stunning beauty."

"What was her off-stage life like?"

"It was practically a carbon copy of her screen image, a beautiful funny girl surrounded by doting males."

"Did her marriage to Rex Harrison change her?"

"Oh no, it was a great love match. They were terribly complimentary to each other. When Kay died the entertainment world lost a great woman and a wildly funny comedienne."

George Ross then introduced me to his co-star Norman Wisdom, the diminutive cockney comic at last making his mark over here. "Are comediennesses sexy?" He pondered for a while. "No, I don't think so. Well, anyway, not the ones I've worked with. I guess I had better say that in case my wife reads this article."

"You've been in America for some time now. What do you think of American 'funny' girls?"

"The best in the world."

"Do you think they're sexy?"

"All women are sexy."

"You're being evasive, Mr. Wisdom."

"Not at all, lad," he smiled. "Just diplomatic."

KAYE BALLARD HAS always played down her natural good looks and gone in for the much broader aspects of comedy. I first met Kaye in London fifteen years ago when she was wowing 'em in a revue called *Touch and Go*. She was just twenty-one then, a stunning girl, and London adored her. She was the "good sport type," relished by the English who are less inclined to serious dedication in sexual matters.

Kaye was a fun girl and always in demand. Today she is the same, as funny as ever, but still playing down her sex appeal. The next time you see her on television, forget the laughs for a moment and look at the woman. You will discover, if you haven't already done so, that Kaye Ballard is quite a gal.

I can't recall who it was, but a famous man was asked what he thought was the basic difference between the Americans and the English and he replied, "No difference at all, except the language." Be that as it may, the English and Americans have one thing in common—they both enjoy humor with their sex.

Can anyone recall offhand a German sex goddess with a sense of the ridiculous? Who, I wonder, would have the nerve to pinch Marlene Dietrich on her beautiful Teutonic bottom? French beauties aren't acceptable as comediennesses. They are enticing, but Brigitte Bardot couldn't make you laugh in a thousand years. And you wouldn't want her to try.

It was no fun at all to watch Sophia Loren in *The Couineess of Hong Kong*. Comedy is not this beautiful woman's forte. And can you imagine a Japanese girl as a stand-up comedienne? A *Madame Butterfly* with gags would be a painful experience.

The only funny Latin American girl that I can recall, apart from the delightful Lupe Velez, was Carmen Miranda. Carmen was a natural comic. She didn't need brilliant dialogue. She could read the Brown Derby Menu and it would have been funny—but Carmen had an electrifying sex appeal. I was in the Army when her first movie was shown in our camp. And although the dewy-eyed Alice Faye was the star, that night when the lights went out, the boys' romantic dreams and erotic fantasies were all for the bombastic and hilarious Carmen Miranda.

Betty Hutton was another one who combined sex appeal with wild jokes. As bizarre and noisy as she was, she never let you forget that she was a pretty little cuddly blonde cutie. However, Betty could never have made the grade in Switzerland for instance, where they frown on ladies who

dare to hint that sex appeal is not all candlelight and tiger-skin rugs.

ALTHOUGH THE GLORIOUS Marilyn Monroe had an infinite sadness about her, it was her superb sense of comedy that endeared her to millions. Laughing gently at sex was the one thing she had in common with Mae West. Nobody read a line like Marilyn. Her humor was sweet and almost innocent. There was never anyone quite like her. I believe she could have gone on to much greater things. She was a beautiful and unique comedienne who has left a permanent void in this dull old world.

Jack Dennison, the handsome, white-haired Greek-American restaurateur, is an expert on women. Once married to the lovely and talented Dorothy Dandridge, he is considered an expert on the subject. Jack now runs his own restaurant in Las Vegas and was in a talkative mood when I dropped by to see him.

"Jack," I asked at once, "how do funny women affect you sexually?"

He looked at me with one of those polished, world-weary smiles that professional hosts specialize in from time to time. "All women affect me sexually, funny or not have you. Just keep 'em knocking on the door — that's all!"

"Dorothy always seemed to me to be a very serious girl. Did she have much humor?"

"She had to have humor to marry me — but let me tell you this, Dorothy's off-screen personality was quite different. She was full of fun — it had to be that way with me. Sure, I'm a big romantic slob — after all I am Greek — but I could never share my bed and board with a girl who took herself too seriously. If you don't think sex is fun, you'll end up in the nut house."

"What were the happiest times you had with Dorothy?"

"When she was kidding herself. She was at her best then. I remember one night we had some friends over for dinner and Dorothy was rehearsing for *West Side Story* — she was doing the Rita Moreno part — in St. Louis I think it was. Suddenly she went into an impromptu performance of her big number, "America," as it might be sung by Pearl Bailey, Eartha Kitt, Ethel Waters and Ella Fitzgerald. It was a brilliant and accurate comedy performance, and our guests were amazed. They only saw Dorothy Dandridge as brooding moody actress — but I knew her as a comic and that's how I loved her.

"I guess the Garbo types are great for some, but not for me, baby. When the moon shines over Beverly Hills, give me a couple of bottles of good champagne and a girl that can make you laugh like hell — that's what life is all about, sweetheart."

WHAT SEXY COMEDIENNES do we have today? Well — there's Edie Adams, with her startling likeness to the late Marilyn Monroe. Joan Rivers, a female Woody Allen. She talks too much for my taste, but she is attractive. Then there are Barbara Eden, Elizabeth Montgomery, Marlo Thomas and Carole Cook. Joyce Jameson from the *Billy Barnes Revue* is a beauty and one of the funniest of the "funny" girls.

They keep coming all the time and they're getting prettier. My advice to the femme fatale is to get a few gags into the act. Keep the guy laughing, kids, and you'll keep your man forever. It would be a great idea if Hollywood brought out the Mack Sennett Bathing Beauties of 1967. I think we are just about ready for them. ☺

Editor's Notebook

SEVERAL UNUSUAL FEATURES spark the current issue of KNIGHT. In particular, we'd like to call your attention to the survey of new flesh films (page 10), our "roadtest" of the Goodyear blimp (page 78) and the photo essay on San Francisco's Haight-Ashbury district (page 40). The text of the latter is the work of Alvaro Cardona-Hine, a well known West Coast poet, and the photos are by Edward Steneck, a young freelance photographer. We think theirs is a particularly perceptive evaluation of the much publicized and much misunderstood "hippie phenomenon" at the peak of its relatively short-lived boom in San Francisco.

The fiction in KNIGHT No. 5 is just as offbeat as the fact. Two of the storytellers are new to the magazine, and we're happy to present mini-biographies of both:

J.P. BERNHARD, the author of "Lee's Story" (page 6) is a native Californian. He was for several years a film and television writer in Hollywood until one day he decided to "get away from it all." Unlike most writers who merely talk of quitting the urban scene, Bernhard actually followed through and moved to a mountain cabin in Northern California, the setting of "Lee's Story." From his rural retreat he writes stories and articles about hunting and outdoor life which have been published in a variety of magazines including *True* and *Esquire*. He is also a jazz aficionado and contributes reviews and festival reports to music publications. He is currently at work on an epic Western novel about the settling of the Salinas Valley.

LEE JENSON ("The Beauty and the Bistro," page 24) has been a troubleshooter for ailing screenplays, assistant to film director Irving Lerner, has written a novel, *The Sleeping Woman*, and contributed stories to many magazines. Currently an editor and writer, he also has in the process a Ph.D. in comparative literature. "The Beauty and the Bistro" reflects the experiences of some expatriates in postwar Rome and Athens and some peccadillos of the runaway film scene. Jenson is the bearded paterfamilias of a sprawling young musical family who practice on a small ranch in the San Fernando Valley under the guidance of his wife, Ana, who also writes screenplays.

We're planning some very exciting features for the next issue of KNIGHT. Foremost among them is a new science fiction collaboration by Robert (*The Tenth Victim*) Shekley and Harlan Ellison. It's called "I See a Man Sitting on a Chair and the Chair Is Biting His Leg!" — and it's a shocker, unlike anything you've ever read before. We'll also have an intimate report on living and loving habits of the showgirls of Las Vegas and an in-depth look at "Eros Center," the new super-brothel in Hamburg, Germany. Among the girls, we're spotlighting the exciting return appearance, in brand new photos, of fabulous French stripper Betty Mars. That's Betty on the white couch below, and it's just a taste of what to expect in KNIGHT No. 6!



they are the only adults available. "How come I can't get a steady watchman in a city of millions?"

Remi asked quietly. "Got a bathtub in there, got rooms to live?"

"Everything," the man moaned. "You got a watchman," Remi said.

Immediately the man became cautious. "We don't pay much."

"You pay?" Remi turned to Giuletta. "He pays." He turned back to the man. "It's a deal."

Remi reached out to shake on the transaction, and the man started to shake with the ball in his mitt, didn't know what to do with it, started to shift it to his other hand, but Remi took the ball with his left and they managed to shake on it. The man slapped a bunch of keys into Remi's hands, muttered, "I got to get back to the boss," and dashed off. Then he shouted over his shoulder, "I'll send you some glass."

"The old grafter," Remi laughed to Giuletta, and ushered her into the warehouse, but the boys in the street yelled, "Hey mister!" Remi turned and looked through the break in the window at the kids standing empty-handed in the street.

"Play-a hall!" Remi yelled like a Brooklyn umpire, and he tossed the ball back into the game.

REMI BACKED THE TRUCK into the warehouse through a sidestreet doorway and with Mario guiding he centered the van. The players pulled down the side and made the platform stage. Remi jumped up on it and declared, "Remi's Commedia comes to Rome!" and the echoes wandered all around the cavernous place.

"But will Rome come to the Commedia?" Mario stage-whispered dryly aside.

Remi reached into the truck and pulled out the performance pennon and tossed it at Mario: "Run up the flag and let them know we're here!"

He pulled Giuletta up on stage and started an exuberant polka with her. Roberto came with his accordion and played an impromptu. Lorenzo tumbled and Mario juggled, and the kids started dancing in front of the doors, hearing the music through the broken panes.

A little old neighbor lady happened in. "What are you folks up to here?" she asked in a bright cracked way.

Luigi made a deep bow and shanted, "Lady, if it please thee, we are going to give a show."

"How nice," smiled the old lady. "I'll tell you, I will come."

TO THE SOUNDS OF LUTE and accordion and snatches of song in

the unmitigated maelstrom of warm up before curtain. Remi sat at his dressing table working on makeup and watching Giuletta in the mirror. She was laughing at the harlequin the greasepaint was making of him.

"Oh Remi, it looks easy. Changing yourself to what we like to be. But how hard it must be!"

Remi grunted. "Now, just a hase of grease and stir in varicolored earths and hide yourself behind that flimsy facade, but opaque enough out there on the hoards, and then you stir yourself, get all those grand dreams strutted out of you. Just because you know it's not real you can do it easy. And you know what's funny, Giuletta? It gets kind of real, because there come those winds of laughs—"

He snapped upright and seemed to hear the guffaws.

"—and those bravos—"

Again his miming made them sound.

"And the clapping and the stamping!" He stomped on the floor. "And the lights and the music, that is real, so you have to guess when it's over how much you've changed and how much of the old keeps hanging on. So you've inched up some, anyway."

Giuletta's eyes glistened. "Remi, that's why I left. I want to be somebody—mm, like my sister."

Remi glanced up to see two of her, as she doubled in the mirror.

"Again your sister," he said flatly. The four green eyes looked at him, startled.

"Always my sister," Giuletta said quickly.

"Why not you," Remi said quietly, "up on stage with us?"

"I wouldn't know what to do!"

Remi grabbed her arm. "You'll know. We'll rain all around you, and you'll know. He got up and searched a rack. "Here, put this on, pin it in, and you'll come on with Remi." He held a sleek costume to her. "Presenting—Giuletta!"

THE STAGE WAS LIT, but the players were standing dejectedly at the warehouse doors. The Teatro was empty, nobody had come, not even the little old lady.

"Provincials should stay in the provinces?" Mario asked quaintly.

Just then a little old man appeared.

"A new restaurant here, ey?" he asked querulously. "Do you serve dinner this late? Place around the corner is already closed. Early for this time of year."

Mario said, mock-scornfully. "Sir, do you suggest the Teatro which feeds the mind serves dinner?" Then

turn to page 60

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mock-indignantly. "No, this is not a restaurant." Then in a loud aside to the empty theatre, making it echo sardonically, "That's all we need, our only patron is a man who wants to eat!"

Sensing some affront, the little old man turned away.

Suddenly Remi cut in, "Wait, sir, don't leave," then added grandly, "Would you like the most elegant finessed gourmet's dinner offered in all Rome?"

The little old man said humbly, "I — I just wanted a nice plate of lasagna . . ."

Remi ushered him in, "Come, sir." Aside he said to Luigi, "Go get a can of lasagna at the corner."

The little old man was ensconced in a chair and a round table placed in front of him. A checkered spread was whipped over it, a large candle lit in a wine bottle and the lasagna hot from a hotplate was put steaming before him. A napkin was tucked into his collar and a knife and fork put in his hands, but he was not eating. His head was thrown back and he was laughing, while lights from the movements on stage played on him. Snatches of lines echoed around the darkened arena. Two costumed players stood on either side of him, towel over elbow—"waiters"—putting in their dialog from there.

The little old man looked up and a "waiter" leaned down.

"Wine?" asked the little old man timidly.

"Wine!" the waiter roared up to the stage.

Remi ran into the backstage kit-

chen where the juggler and an acrobat were having a snack between turns, enjoying wine and breadsticks.

"Sorry, Lorenzo," Remi said dryly and deftly removed the bottle from between them and picked up a glass, but as it still had some wine in it he hesitated a moment, then lifted it toward Lorenzo as a toast and downed the drink.

"To our Patron," he said as he headed back, shaking the goblet upside down.

At the doors, having bowed out the little old man, who gratefully paid his lira and said he'd come back sure, the troupe held counsel.

"Are we players or what?" asked Mario.

"So," replied Remi, "so we do it as a gig, and get through the winter."

But Luigi was lugubrious. "It's no good, Remi. People around here can't even afford to eat at home."

"On second and third thought, though," said Mario, "we have no choice. At least we'll eat. Maybe we can get truckers to come—we'll give them a country dinner in the city."

Remi smiled. "Agreed? We set up tables and a kitchen and give it a try." The acrobat came up with two potlids and declared, "Saturday night opens—" and he held up the lids as cymbals—"Remi's Commedia Delacatesen!" and crashed them.

REMI LOOKED UP at the sign over the warehouse, Luigi on top of a ladder painting the final side of the O of

REMI'S TEATRO BISTRO

"Ey, Luigi," Remi yelled, "hold on to the brush, I'm taking the lad-

der," and he shook the ladder slightly.

Without looking down Luigi announced, "I move we have a large fine for had jokes."

"Ah, your O's getting snaky," Remi laughed and pushed through the doors into the histro.

It was now a cabaret of scavenged chairs and tables, but the odd assortment was skillfully arranged around the stage.

A shower of plaster came down on Remi as Lorenzo on a scaffold hammered up a spotlight on the rear wall. Remi ducked aside as a big patch of plaster split off.

"Leave it," said Remi, "it's picturesque."

"Pardon me," Lorenzo objected, "nothing to remind of ruins."

"Right, Lorenzo, a very sensitive thought," Remi said. "I'll find something upstairs to cover that."

Giuletta got a flashlight from the van and she and Remi rose upward in the open lift.

Giuletta ascending said happily, "I love to find treasures under cobwebs," and they disappeared above the ceiling.

"I am in the company of poets," Remi murmured as they emerged on the second story and stopped the lift.

Giuletta trained the light beam on the walls of the pitch black upper warehouse and it thought into grotesque life one after another the items of a fabulous collection of calendar art. Strange postures, enormous physiognomies. The beam wavered over giant phalluses then travelled curiously on from one pornography to the next, going off to blank wall then searching back for the continuation: a man stabling himself in a mare; a godiva riding harelly under a stallion . . .

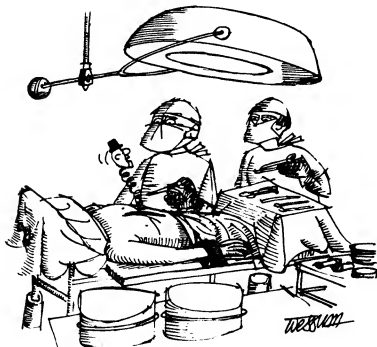
Remi took Giuletta's hand and guided the flash from the art.

"That's not the way it is," he said softly. " . . . Or do you — know how it is?"

He took the flash from her and set it so they were caught in its spotlight as on stage, two huge dark spirits of them hovering in the white circle it put on the wall above them.

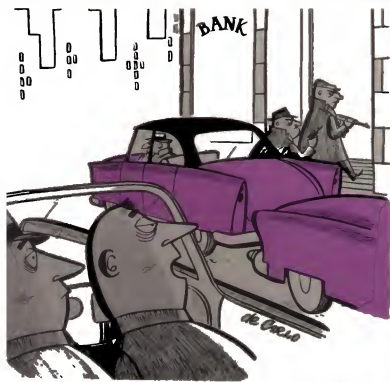
Remi saw an old horn Victrola on the floor nearby. He wound it with the whirring sound of compressing time into the spring and set the needle of the horn down on the record on the machine. It began unwinding a ghostly accordion playing a haunting street ballad of dusty love.

Giuletta spoke as in a fable: "In the country . . . there is always the
/turn the page





"I donated my brain to Harvard, and my body to the Mayo Clinic.
If there's anything left over after that, you can have it."



"Hold it, I think there will be a spot here in a moment."



**40 Giant
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"Try and think of me as a mechanic and yourself as a car that needs overhauling, Miss Furbisher. Now, get your clothes off and I'll start checking those headlights."

mock-indignantly. "No, this is not a restaurant." Then in a loud aside to the empty theatre, making it echo sardonically, "That's all we need, our only patron is a man who wants to eat!"

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Remi ushered him in, "Come, sir." Aside he said to Luigi, "Go get a can of lasagna at the corner."

The little old man was ensconced in a chair and a round table placed

beside the field work... carrying cool water to the men in the fields... the Saturday night dances, the walk home through the dark meadows and the warm stacks of dried grasses...

Remi took her hands. "Then you know how it is," he said. He pulled her but she held him off with two hands on his chest.

"That was my childhood," she said. "I'm not a child any more."

Remi laughed uncertainly.

"Now," she said determinedly, "now I can only be invaded by love..."

Sal Doremus, soldier, reappeared in Remi. "Ey," he said grimly, "love—what is that in the western world? It comes only after invasion, if it comes at all."

He renewed the attack, bent her elbows, felt her lips thinned against her teeth, released her.

"You just want me because I'm handy," Giuletta said and pressed the hack of her hand to her mouth. "But it's really my—I my sister you'd want, if you knew her."

Remi became impatient, not liking unknowns. "All right, where is this famous sister of yours?"

Giuletta was flustered. "She—she always returns to Rome."

"So she's away."

"Y-yes."

"I never make love to distant sisters," he said finally.

"You're laughing at me!" Giuletta stamped a bare foot.

"*Al contraire*," said Remi slowly, "*Fai tristesse*..."

In the dust of the floor he drew cartoons of the two masks, comic and tragic, sharing the same head.

As Giuletta knelt close to him, it passed as though they were praying for a good grace from this secular chapel—warehouse of relics—with its miniature organ playing a litany for a communion of lovers.

Kneeling back to her haunches Giuletta opened the way for him and with the most delicate sensor of his body Remi took to her, passing under her fabulous mound of Venus.

He made revelry with his discovery, jubilated, called hallelujah, and cymbals crashed in his ears, sounds of ram's horns, then he took a giant step to the top of the mound and she came even with him and they crested on her high arched hill of love.

The batteries in the flashlight fading brought down the houselights, then the music ran out under the needle of the Victrola losing its master's voice, and the huge flower horn went on pulsating scratch scratch scratch at 78 rpm... 76... 72...

AS THE LIFT DESCENDED into the floor, Remi and Giuletta stood together in the darkness in the classic single figure with two heads that are the lovers as they stand here and there in the city of the Roman night.

"Well," Mario said dryly, "what did you discover?"

"What, what?" Remi asked, disconnected.

"To cover the crack, man, up on that wall."

"Oh, that..."

Luigi came in with his brushes and cans.

Remi pointed up. "Luigi, that crack, cartoon around it?"

Luigi looked up shortly. "I can fix that," he said, "but you try and fix what's outside."

"You spilled the paint," Mario said flatly.

Luigi threw him a silencer: "They just brought up a bunch of sawhorses and blocked off the street, both ends."

"You're joking," Remi said.

"We should have a big fine for such jokes," Luigi shrugged.

Remi pushed through the doors to the outside. He encountered a stocky man in work corduroys setting up sawhorses.

"What are you doing!" Remi cried. "Can't you see we're opening a restaurant here tonight? What's all this about?"

The workman made with his mouth. "I only get paid to put 'em out, and not much."

Just as the players began emerging in one's and two's to observe the crisis, trucks and searchlights and limousines, and a flatbed truck with a crane, began to converge on the scene, the sawhorses being moved aside for them at both ends of what was a moment before a deserted street.

A large closed van pulled up opposite the bistro and its newly-pointed sign. On the side of the van was a competing legend:

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All the cockeyed movie credits started pouring out of the vehicles—the director with a flashy waistcoat, the grips with the big cables, the cameramen and the sound men with their apparatus. They turned the place into a busy movie set with the purpose of portraying a deserted street.

Out of the longest and blackest limousine into the center of the set stepped Red Penny with his magnificent smile—the Producer.

To the director Red Penny said, clapping his hands together in a self-shake, "This is so great, to visit just

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when you're moving out of the studio to your first documentary shot. I must say you're bringing re-al-ism to your Eytalian feature."

A grip said in an aside to a colleague, "When these guys go realistic they get right down in the dirt."

"And here she comes," said the other grip from the corner of his mouth.

The Movie Queen stepped up to the street from her dachshund sports-car.

"Hush," said the assistant director, "everybody."

In a breathless voice that memorialized two dead movie queens the star spoke: "This looks just like a set I just worked on in a studio in North Hollywood, San Fernando Valley. For this I came by fanjet?"

The director rushed up and said placatingly, "Ada, there's a different timbre to the atmosphere here that will set you off It-ali-an-iti."

Ada was mollified. "Oh well, that's different, as long as it's continental, I'll give you my all."

Harrumphing Red Penny interposed quickly. "I'll leave you two artists. I'm only your producer, so just forget I'm here."

But before he could move Remi walked up to him.

"What kind of imperialism is this?" Remi asked of Red Penny. "We're supposed to be opening tonight, and you're closing us." He pointed up to the sign.

The director came up and said importantly, "We have a permit. Do you?"

Mario, Luigi, Lorenzo coughed loudly.

But Red Penny looked up at Remi's sign thoughtfully, then asked, "Does bistro mean food?"

Remi nodded.

"Then we won't close you," Red Penny said grandly. "We'll open you. Our company will break for supper at midnight — at Remi's."

"The pleasure of your company," Remi said.

REMI SAT IN a counting house that had been partitioned off, counting last night's take. The Teatro Bistrot was the hangout for showbiz in town since the opening performance of Red Penny's gang four months before. The players were scattering, taking nests. They would become bourgeois and be happy.

Then Remi looked over at the big lack morning glory horn of the petrola in the corner, and he remembered that he was unhappy without Gioletta.

He became aware of a perfumed presence and looked up to see a

woman at the door of the cubicle, and he roughly estimated about 50,000 lira of Parisian clothes on her, which would be about 10,000 lira an ounce, being the middle 1's of her sheathed in red shimmer. He felt he had to reach out and put both hands on it to brake its dizzying motion.

The other 3/4 of her made him feel like he wanted to fly in the sky above, wallow in the mud below.

For a moment he thought he knew her; he thought she was Gioletta.

The signorina spoke: "Where my sister is?"

Remi was dumb.

"Where is Gioletta?" the aphrodisiac repeated.

Remi located his voice. "Ye-es, where is she?" he asked. "Are you the sister?"

She sat, one thigh up on his desk, and the slippage showed a black V... cloth or girl, he couldn't be sure.

"Yes, I'm Gina. Her last letter, it comes from here."

Remi pushed his chair back.

"Ah, the sister. You know, I thought Gioletta made you up," Remi sighed. "She took a powder, vamoosed without a sound."

Gina saw the hunger in his eyes, took pity on him and closed her thighs.

"She took powder? What means? Kill herself?"

Remi stood up startled, "No, no — left, walked out on us." Then he turned sharply on Gina. "And you. She worshipped you. Where you been all her life?"

Gina shrugged. "I live, she lives."

Remi nodded. "Sorry, I guess I got out of line."

Gina moved up close to him, and he breathed her in, musky, sultry, attar of debauchery and carousal, and he was reluctant to exhale.

"No, no," she said huskily, "you love Gioletta, that is all."

"That girl is gone," Remi finally exhaled.

"I make it up to you," Gina said. Remi stared at her.

She took his hand, carried it down, and pressed it firmly to the splendid arch of her loins.

"You are Gioletta!" he cried exultantly, and Sal Doremus, old soldier, stood at attention, bugling reveille, then finally laid down his arms, flanking her.

She made a Mona Lisa smile.

Was she Gina? Gioletta? Or both?

Remi understood now his separate peace was where the tempest blows. He crossed her high arched bridge when he came to it.

"It runs in family," she said.



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The first male device that was as successful was developed in 1564 by Fallopius, and Italian anatomy expert of that time. It was a leather sheath, similar to the present day condom or prophylactic, that was fitted on the male prior to intercourse, trapping the semen inside.

When processes for vulcanizing rubber were developed, many additional concepts of the same principle were manufactured and records prove their popularity. Estimates say between 2,800,000 and 3,000,000 condoms were sold daily during the years of the Second World War.

With the development of the diaphragm and more recently the hormone pill for females, women have been provided with adequate methods of contraception. If they are willing to use them properly.

Nevertheless the birth rate continues to climb.

Those lovely ladies, who can be so efficient in some areas, are notorious for their irrationality on the subject of children and birth control. They are over-emotional and often neurotic, using childbirth as a weapon of entrapment, showing the male to the altar with the often heard phrase: "I can't understand how it happened. I always used the diaphragm." Or, "The pill always worked before."

What we need is a simple, effective method by which the man can assure himself that a few hours of nocturnal pleasure are not going to result in a lifetime of misery for himself or the girl, or nine months of inconvenience and child support payments.

Margaret Sanger, who was to birth control what Ralph Ginzburg is to the world of erotic literature, devoted her life's work to the development of contraception methods that would insure safety without impeding the enjoyment of the sex act. After nearly fifty years of labor in the field, she confessed that there was no method of control that could assure both partners pregnancy could not result from their relationship.

"During the past half decade," she once told newsmen, "we have made enormous strides in the fields of space travel, developed a bomb that can wipe out millions with a single detonation and perfected a system of electronics that early science fiction writers could not conceive of."

"With all that scientific development, we still do not have a simple, effective and easy-to-use method of contraception."

Mr. Sanger spoke with relative authority, having spent much of her life in and out of court and jail

simply because a prudent society could not accept the inevitable — the necessity of workable childbirth control.

Mrs. Sanger died last year, and though she did witness progress in her field, she did not live to see the development of the drug she had dreamed of.

Just before her death last year she said that ideas behind birth control had been finally accepted by the US. She explained the slow but certain success of her cause by paraphrasing Victor Hugo: "There is no force in the world so great as that of an idea whose hour has struck."

She ought not to have been so modest, for if the hour of birth control has struck, it was Margaret Sanger who advanced the clock. Indeed, before she took up her cause, there was scant indication that the hour would ever approach. She had been born into a world where the common birth control advice was, "Tell Jake to go sleep up on the roof."

Had Margaret Sanger lived longer she might have seen the fulfillment of her dream — the unveiling of a drug that promises to revolutionize the world of contraception: *Eberthricin*.

Now men can control the situation.

Though it is still a period of testing away from public sale, Eberthricin seems to have all the qualities required for the perfect pill for men. After more than a year of experimentation, the pharmaceutical industry has released a statement that the drug has proved consistently 98 percent effective — a phenomenal high in drug control.

Their report states that the pill may be taken only thirty minutes prior to intercourse and that it will inhibit the birth-producing qualities of the semen, halting the production of the impregnating sperm for six to eight hours without affecting virility or sexual prowess.

At the end of the pill's time period, the user again becomes capable of fathering a child. A spokesman for the developers said that they have yet found no limit to the number of pills that can be taken by any one man, whether taken consecutively or over a longer period of time. The effects of the drug are completely gone within twelve hours and no trace is left in the system.

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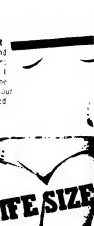
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Kim Comes



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Ba

REC

reporter asked Kim Novak if she'd talk about her new bearded boy friend, Joel Thomas. "Yes," said the blonde picture star, "if you'll mention the fact that he has a restaurant, The Matador, in Carmel. I want to get some publicity for the restaurant."

Kim has always been kind and thoughtful to her men, of whom there have been many, but usually the initial enthusiasms die rather quickly.

This is a common fault among actresses but in Kim's case it is exaggerated. Her romantic ambivalence is only exceeded by her love and dislike of motion pictures.

She is currently doing a movie at MGM, *The Legend of Lylah Clare*. This is the first movie she's done in over two years. When she said she was quitting movies for good she was quoted as saying, "I would rather paint on the rocks by the sea than be the biggest movie star in the world." Ironically she came back to Hollywood to play a dual role of a vivid and tragic movie star and a young actress.

Kim Novak is the last of the important picture stars initially created by a major studio. It was Harry Cohn, Columbia Studio chief, who turned a plump fashion model into a big star and a major headache. At her very

/ turn the page

by Leo Guld

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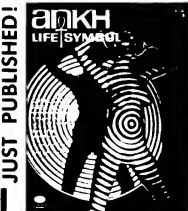


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height at Columbia Pictures, with four of her movies waiting to be released. Harry Cohn was brought up short by information that she was about to marry Sammy Davis, Jr. With a heart made of gold — coins, that is — Harry could see his Southern bloc of theatres refusing all his Novak pictures.

The great man summoned Kim to his circular office. Harry was not one to mince words. "You get rid of that colored boy," he said, "or I'll have his other eye gouged out. I'm not going to have two little nothings ruin this studio."

Kim was surprised by her boss' outburst. "I never intended to marry him. When he was in Chicago, I invited him to my parents' home. He's just a friend."

Harry growled. "Well, I hope not too close a friend."

All this annoyed the fast-rising star. "I'll date whom I want. It's my life."

The star-maker pounded his desk and said, "That's what you think. Your life is not your life. It's mine. Your life is not your relationship with Davis deteriorating into an affair. You hear?" Harry was very angry.

His anger at her infuriated the actress. "I'll have affairs with whom I want to even if it's with every leading man in this town. No one's going to run my life but me. Now goodbye."

That confrontation in Harry's office quickly got to the ears of the Hollywood curious. It was the buzz of the town for a long time. Kim walked out of that office aware for the first time that being a big star carried many handicaps, one of which was a certain lack of freedom. It helped pattern her future strategy.

FROM THAT DAY ON Kim became a rebel with a reputation for both big box office and big trouble. She admits today that if her heart were really in it, she along with Elizabeth Taylor and Sophia Loren could be one of the million-dollar-a-picture stars. But she long ago decided she wants to work only when she feels like it and only in pictures that appeal to her.

The need for personal freedom also revealed itself in her personal life. She dated seriously, but never married. London columnist Roderick Mann, real estate broker Mac Krim, the late Aly Khan, director Richard Quine, Paris designer Louis Fervaud and actors Frank Sinatra, John Ireland and Cary Grant. She waited until her early thirties to finally marry. He was English actor Richard Johnson. It lasted 14 months.

She blames her friends for the marriage. "The busybodies were always needing me about never being married. It was a better image for me. They said, I was free and happy. I was normal. I long ago decided sex life shouldn't be limited to marriage. I didn't invent sex — nature did. Just because I'm not married does not mean I have different sex drives than a married woman. But no, everyone was telling me about my being a homewrecker."

Kim won't talk about her marriage to Johnson. But outsiders put the pieces together. There was a dynamic combination of temperamental actor and temperamental actress. They fought all the time. The insiders say it wasn't all words either. Tempers resulted in a war of physical violence. Kim lost. She sued for divorce.

She denies rumors that she will marry Joel Thomas this fall. While Las Vegas hasn't posted any odds, the chances are Kim will give up her freedom once more.

However, the marriage computers would probably show that the current romantic combination has a better chance for success. Both Kim and Joel like poetry, hot sulphur baths, painting, Big Sur, hippies, nature, nudity, good food and deep breathing.

WHILE KIM'S FUTURE looks bright and she has developed a backbone as well as a bosom, she is still hugged by ghosts from the newspaper morgues of the past. The one story about her early beginnings that infuriates her is that Harry Cohn signed her as a threat to the fiery, red-headed rebel, Rita Hayworth.

At that time Rita was the biggest star in town and her battles with Harry Cohn over studio policy exploded daily over Gower Street. In the heat of the battles, Cohn gave Rita an ultimatum. "You keep your pretty toes on the line or I'll replace you with a younger and more cooperative star." Rita thought she knew her own strength. She flexed her muscles and sneered. Cohn went looking.

He came up with a slightly plump, naive, unspoiled girl named Marilyn Pauline Novak. Every unabridged magazine piece on Harry Cohn says he looked at Marilyn and sensed a child, brooding quality mixed with a soupçon of sex appeal that added up to a star — a star that could offer a challenge to his recalcitrant contract star, Rita Hayworth.

Kim does not like this version of how she got her start.

"There were 200 available girls who looked more like Hayworth than

I did," Kim insists. "Cohn signed me, but it had nothing to do with Rita Hayworth. He just thought I had a chance to be a star. And we got along fine until he started pushing me around. Then I had to show him who really was boss."

A close friend of Kim's says the first part of the lecture Cohn gave to Kim (he lectured every new contract player) was: "Don't sleep around with all those guys on the lot who will promise you anything for certain privileges. The only one who can do anything for you is me. Remember that."

Kim did remember. She started off as a loner except for director Richard Quine. He gave her a regularly scheduled marriage proposal but Kim was only thinking of her career. People who remember her in those early days at Columbia say she was a doll—cooperative with everyone. Whatever press agents, producers, press, directors and producers asked, she did.

The beautiful actress has said that it is impossible for a successful actress not to get hard. Otherwise she'd get torn apart in the jungle. "If an actress of stature appears to be cooperative, courteous, kind and easy to handle, it is just a star showing what a good actress she is because that is just surface conduct. No one could survive that way."

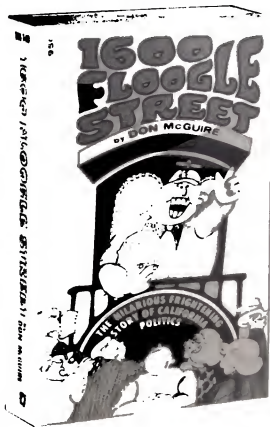
Kim is difficult today. She admits it. She feels she has to be. But today she attracts much notice both as a woman and a talent. The very men of the industry who will pay fortunes to get her for a picture, curse her obstinacy and independence.

Kim has learned the hard way that producers don't always know what they're talking about. On occasion they have advised her badly and she has suffered because of it. So she's careful about taking advice. She was advised to do nude scenes for *Moll Flanders* and *Of Human Bondage*. She feels it was a mistake. It wasn't the image she wanted to have. Kim doesn't think of herself as a sexpot but more like an unfettered girl of nature.

Kim explains it: "I shouldn't go that route. I have a good, healthy body yet it is only good while it is a mystery. A girl like Brigitte Bardot can show skin and keep the audience looking. But I'm not that type."

However, popular opinion has it that Kim Novak's nudity, whether in a national magazine (which it has been) or on the screen is pretty exhilarating stuff and it isn't believed men will rush toward the exits when Kim appears nude again—if she does.

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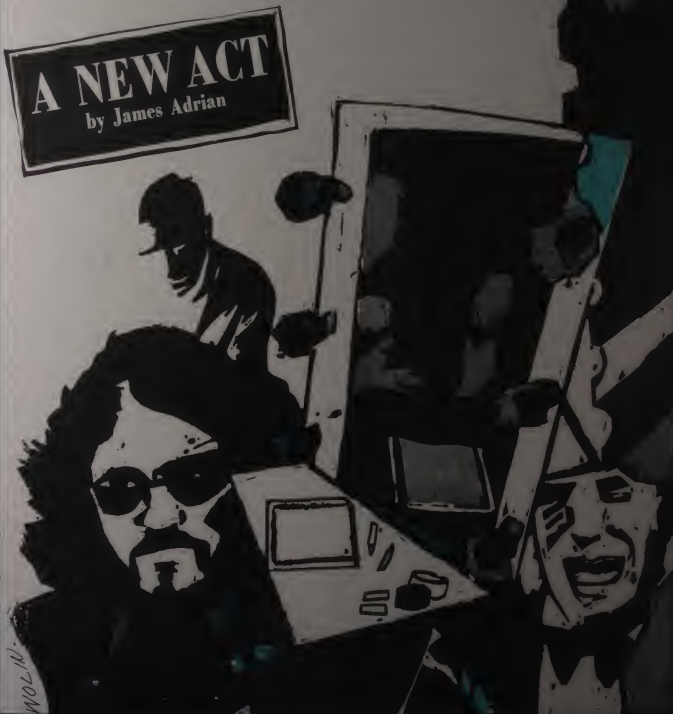
The critics might nail him for it – but Ziggy wasn't about to give up the ghost

ZIGGY FIELDS LEAVES the Forrest Hotel, hits Broadway and turns left. Broadway is electric now, hissing with latent despair and hope like a broken high-tension wire. Soon he turns into a doorway, is gulped by the yawn of an elevator and expectorated on the seventh floor. A door glares: Globe Talent. ■ "I didn't know you were in town, Ziggy," Gabe says, surprised; Gabe is the sparkplug of the organization. ■ "I want we should talk." ■ "So talk already. Oh, I heard about your 'accident.'" ■ "It's not that entirely," Ziggy says, his expression tightening. ■ "Whatsamatter?" ■ "My act is being met with thundering indifference."

turn the page

A NEW ACT

by James Adrian





A NEW ACT, from page 70

"Nobody hits it all the time."

"Bookings are dropping," Ziggy breaks in with: "my price is at an all time low."

"Don't confuse the issue with facts," Gabe says, munching a formidable cigar.

"Sometimes I get so angry I can shred tissue," Ziggy blurts in a take-off from his bag bit.

"When I see my ten percent, I can too," Gabe mulls, a tidal wave of compassion.

"You should get an adding machine—that's what counts in this world."

"With acts like you, who needs to count?"

"Don't be hostile," Ziggy says. "I need something to raise my act from oblivion to chaos."

"What does Harry say?"

"My manager couldn't hurt me."

"Behind that financial facade beats a heart of marshmallow—I know."

"Let's say he's imprecise."

"You want I should put it to you in a fatherly way?"

"Lay it on me, Gaby-baby."

"Snap out of it! Harry tells me he's always looking for new stuff—when he gives it to you it's like playing a stereo record on an old victrola: 'His master's voice' never sounded so rotten."

"Not *that* fatherly, Gabe."

"And quit drinking, you lush," he says. "Finished I'm not. For the money and gigs you want, you have to get modern. Controversial. Stay in the public's eye. By the way, how was that tour in Germany I fixed you up with?"

"Everybody ends up in Wiesbaden at the Blum Hotel." Ziggy has been back in the States for about two weeks.

"People are hip. Farmers in South Dakota watch *Naked City*, and in Arkansas they see the *Tonight Show*. That's the trouble with being 'In': you have to let everybody know what the rules are, and when you do, you give them a blueprint for getting 'In.'" He puffs on the cigar. "Quit taking life so damn easy—you should realize that."

"I know: They tore down my neighborhood to build slums." Be explicit."

"The delivery is punching for what it is, and your timing is as good as it always was. Hang-ups are average," he says, shrugging. "But your songs and dance routines go over better

than the gags, and you're no hooper or canary. Something's wrong. You're slipping and it's your own fault." He pauses for emphasis.

"What the hell happened to you?"

"I wouldn't stand out in a shroud, huh? And me with enough one-liners to fill the Koran."

Gabe scratches where his head is radiating from the desk lamp. "I don't know..."

Ziggy reaches over and scratches there too, so maybe Gabe can think twice as well—Gabe slaps his hand.

Ziggy tries to keep up his easy-going manner, but he's all blown out inside. "Help me, Gabe."

"The act I had going into the Black Angel is held up in London with work permits—I don't know from that. Maybe I can help two people out..."

"The Angel? The last time I played there they were serving pre-Cambrian cocktails with kosher mammoth on a tuskabob. I need something new!" Ziggy is stunned.

"You know any writers?"

"There's this kid in the Village—name's Simon. He writes fiction. He don't give a fiddler's jab for gags, but he'll go when he needs money. He's good. It's worth a try." Gabe scratches at the radiant spot again.

"How long do I have to get ready?"

"A couple of weeks. It depends on if the Angel wants to hold over what they got."

"That isn't much time. Where do I find genius?"

"Drop in at the Balalaika Coffee House."

"The oddball joint?"

"To coin a cliché: 'To them you're odd.'"

"How do you make me a straight man, Gabe?"

MAYBE HE CAN RUN into the writer this afternoon. In the cab later, he can't help thinking of the "accident" Gabe mentioned—

He had been back from Wiesbaden and had gotten a chance to work a club in Camden, so before he went to his wife in Boston, he figured he'd pick up the weekend's work. He had bombed something horrendous—in Camden Ziggy couldn't fill the restroom. After the show he got drunk, slaloming his brother's car home—his brother lived in Camden so Ziggy had stayed overnight at his house. Early in the morning Ziggy hit a paperboy bringing the first edition, and when he gets out he finds it's his nephew, Bobby.

The boy would need a series of operations that would run into thousands, the only one who can perform

it is a doctor in Switzerland, his brother had no hospitalization, and because he's on the skids, Ziggy can't borrow five hundred bucks. It's necessary Ziggy make a lot of money, and vital he get the gig at the Angel—all of this depends on a good writer.

Suddenly Ziggy realizes the vice squeezing him is of his own doing. That's what happens when a man rests for a while—life pushes harder.

He looks out the window into the garment district and sees himself practicing eight hours a day (now the kids put the strain into a dextie). He sees himself doing free benefits, taking dancing and acting lessons, speech and English courses at NYU... writing his own material. And then it was weekly four-figure pays, TV, the movies, the Palladium. So who the hell says he can't cool it for a while?

But for this many years?

That's the flaw: Once you really get cold, when the momentum stops, sometimes you never get going again. And so here he is, scrounging for a writer when he should be doing his own stuff, looking for a ticket. an out.

THE BALALAIKA NEVER has a violent hour, nor does it lull itself into inertia. Immediately inside the door is a phone booth. Before he orders, he makes a call to Boston.

"Have me, you fool."

"Ziggy? Where are you? When are you coming home? How's Bobby?"

"I'm in New York. Gabe's trying to get me into the Black Angel!"

"So you need material."

"My telepathic titillator—*whew*," he says. "I'm looking for this kid."

"I remember when the inviolate Ziggy Fields wouldn't belch a line he didn't write."

"I'm in a squeeze and there's no other way."

"You shot that in the hind end years ago."

"The slob writes and I project in my immitable style. Why can't you ever be happy anymore?"

"I'm tired, Ziggy."

"I wanted for you to be glad with me—I made a mistake."

So then he hangs up, wishing he hadn't called his wife because she stirs too many unpleasant feelings. He sits down, orders, and listens to a greasy waiter tell him that young genius hasn't been in for four days—great.

I need an angle, he thinks. Queers, mothers-in-law, politics, taxes, wives—done to death. Segregation jazz milked by new bunch of Negro comics. Wonder what would happen if ofay did some of their material, in

Turn to page 74



KNIGHT'S cover girl swings
in a lovely orbit

HAPPY GIRL



THE GRINNING gamin in the naughty knit on our cover is the popular Hollywood figure model and upcoming actress, Vicki Carter. She's a loss of many parts: a surfer, an artist's inspiration, and a better-than-average artist herself. Vicki's formula for beauty is simplicity: "Get plenty of sleep . . . at home. Eat health foods, but don't be a nut about it. Dance, swim, and work out with five pound dumbbells. And think happy thoughts." It obviously works for Vicki, for she's one of the busiest girls in Movie-town, rushing from film studios to TV lots to artist's and photographer's lofts. And what about her love life? Vicki smiled bemusedly. "I think happy thoughts." ☺

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A NEW ACT, from page 72

blackface like Jolson—public would never understand. An angle!

Ziggy stretches tired legs under the table as his mind attempts to fasten itself like a young lamprey to the beginning of a routine:

I don't want to say I was timid before I took karate lessons, but I suffered a devastating experience when I got married—my wife raped me on the first night of our honeymoon and it... it actually "arrested" me. Yeh thir!

"Ziggy Fields"—a voice in back of him.

"You the writer?"

"I'm Simple Simon, the Village Spy Man. Andre said you were looking for me."

"Oh so," Ziggy says like Number One Son, bowing slightly from the waist. He notices Simon sitting in total easiness with the quiet energy of a leopard. "I want something new and I need it in a week."

"I don't write trash anymore."

"It's plain business—write me something good and I'll pay you well."

"You guys always seem to ferret me out."

"It's a world of expedience—someday you might find out if you can break out of your own. Me? I'll live either way—that's the fringe benefit you get from experience."

Simon emanates a pervading coldness.

"If you can write me an act good enough for the Angel, I'll pay you \$2,000 a couple of weeks later. My nephew needs an operation so the first few checks are spent."

"I don't care about your nephew," he says evenly.

"Think about it—I'll give you five minutes." Ziggy leaves, after diminishing an urge to smack the kid in the mouth.

Outside he lights another cigarette, blowing doilies of smoke at a stop sign. A few seconds later the door opens and Simon walks out.

"Change your mind?"

"What do you want?"

"About twenty minutes—something new, irrelevant. Even props are okay."

"What sort of props do you have in mind?"

"Nothing yet."

Simon's gaze alights like a mosquito on the top of a telephone pole.

"How about a cross?"

"You just scared me, Simple."

"It could be effective: a spot up on your face, a beard and long hair, maybe a loincloth. I think the Angel has a good reverb system so

your voice can come out spooky."

"I said you scared me, kid."

Simon's eyes are bristling as he says, "You could be talking to a guard, some soldiers, the Good Thief..."

"How long will it take to write?" Ziggy manages.

"Give me a week—here at the same time."

Apprehension lies on Ziggy's stomach like crushed ice, and this must be evident on his face.

"Sometimes it's good to feel that way," Simon says as he turns and leaves.

Ziggy is relieved in an ambiguous way: although the moral implications are already pricking him, at least something is working for him. He begins walking.

AT THIS SPECIFIC POINT in time and space, Ziggy Fields should be locked in a hotel room with a typewriter and the strongest bourbon he can find. That had always been just as much as the applause: that curious exhilaration that comes only from writing your own material.

But he has cooled off too long, and he's being sucked into his own quicksand. He finds a quiet bar and slips into it unobtrusively.

With the better part of a fifth under his belt he is soon scribbling flighty sleepounds in the air. He awakes much later, and staggers into the brisk night which smacks at him like an indignant woman. He's dizzy. Someone recognizes him but he keeps going. Then it gets deserted as he walks from the Village. Suddenly the sound of footsteps...

"I think it is cashmere," says one: his sideburns drop down to the shoulders of his leather jacket. "Quality."

Ziggy speaks slowly, forming each word separately: "No-one-dresses-like-that-any-more-Bunky."

Then, in rapid succession, he catches the first glimpse of chain and tastes the first mouthful.

It would seem a week in the hospital would lend the impetus needed to create something, but all he can do is touch up old material. In spite of his own ability, he can't help leaning on Simon. It's gotten to where it's Simple Simon or bomb.

"I don't have a choice, Doc—I have to meet a writer this afternoon."

"You'll have to sign a release, Mr. Fields."

"Will I scar?"

"Use cocoa butter."

"Ich."

"You've received a tremendous beating."

"Did I ever tell you about the time

I was mugged in Cairo, Illinois? It was during the duck season and I was doing one of their strip joints (That was during my 'formative' years)." All this time Ziggy's getting dressed.

"I can see your mind is made up, Mr. Fields."

He leaves the hospital feeling like the Picture of Dorian Gray. His mind spins as the cab worms its way to the Village. The driver keeps talking football, maybe because he looks like a football, while Ziggy thinks of his wife: She had come up from Boston for a day while he was in the hospital, and had asked, "Where is all this going to end?" and he answered, "Back on top." She had then forgotten to kiss him goodbye when she left.

"Simon Simple, the Village Dimple," Ziggy says later at the Bala-laika.

"I see you've got a facial."

"You get the act done?"

"I rarely go back on my word, not because of anything so corny as 'principle,' but I seem to be directed that way unintentionally. I agreed to write you something. I did."

"And?"

"I'm going against instinct. Unfortunately, I need the money or I wouldn't have agreed in the first place," he says.

"Maybe I won't like it."

"No chance of that," the youth says. "I don't feel the same since I wrote it."

In spite of the young man's pervading ineffectuality, Ziggy is bothered because he can see a muted panic in his eyes. And much later as he washes down a corned beef sandwich at the Stage Delicatessen, he still can't get that look out of his mind. He leaves the Stage and goes to his hotel to read the script.

It's great, but not Z. Fields, circa 1965. And although he is almost certain he could never do it, he begins practicing the monologue, working on emphasis and timing (Simon was very explicit here). Every time Ziggy opens his mouth it's an accomplishment, for although the stitches are out, the terrible pain isn't. He needs practice, but what good is it if it kills him?

Gabe catches that night. "What do you think?"

"I can't talk so pretty good and my face smarts. What else is new?"

"You got a lot of coverage from that mugging — it'll help the draw."

"Thanks."

"Oh, the owner of the Angel would like to see an audition."

"Stall him — I have that material, but it's not down good."

"What do you think of it?"

"I'm not the All American Boy, but I did have something of an image built. It bothers me doing the kid's bit."

"Adrenalin is the best thing for spontaneity." He pauses. "I got my reputation hanging on you."

"I know it, Gabe. Don't worry — I'll murder 'em."

After he hangs up, Ziggy gets that queasy feeling from visualizing a bad show. Something like that could permanently hurt Gabe's business (It wouldn't exactly help Harry, his wife's flagging interest and ebbing opinions, or put money into his nephew's operation either). It seems, he thinks, that when a man goes down, the very first thing he takes with him are the closest.

The next day Ziggy gets in touch with the physician treating his nephew, Bobby. The man says that the operation better be performed soon, or else the whole thing might as well be forgotten.

"You mean there's nobody who can do it?"

"A Dr. Kropp from San Francisco has done it three times without success — he won't attempt it again. Besides, he's in Aruba on vacation."

He calls Gabe back. "I know you're out on a limb with me already, but I need that bread for my brother."

"O-positive is what they're calling my blood," Gabe says. "You know, Ziggy, you're not like before."

"When I get back into shape, I'll never cool off."

"I'll think about it."

That's enough to go on. He calls his brother in Camden and says, "Tell them to go ahead — I have the money for Bobby." No, he isn't lying — better he should owe some Swiss doctor, huh?

In spite of pain, Ziggy motivates himself: "I'm a self-starter!" for instance. He adds catchy steps to his dance routines that he borrowed from an English entertainer in Wiesbaden; he goes in hock for three excellent arrangements: "Hello Doll," "People" and "Girl From Ipanema," the latter with his own suggestive lyrics he wrote in the hospital. Then he runs around like a goddamn kook, spending his last cent, trying to catch as many comics as he can so that he might thereby press his sensitive thumb upon the pulse of comedy in the city. And then he catches himself somehow hoping the trio from England will show up, fully realizing thoughts like these are best left unstated for they tend to dampen.

"Even if the English act comes

Turn the page

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... THE LAST WORD

A NEW ACT, from page 75

in," Gabe is saying over his second pineapple cheesecake at the Stage. "I think the Angel wants you because of the lefthanded publicity."

"You know," Ziggy says, idly drumming his fingers. "a guy needs the right turn of wrist in life, dig? A slant — angle." He lights a cigar. "I'll have an act by that time."

"I hope so."

"What about that five grand for my nephew?" he asks, thinking of a felony.

"Nothing personal, but I have to wait until opening night."

"I feel like I'm making a come-back and I ain't left yet."

As hours slide into days, he has a curious problem because a props company cannot get a cross strong enough to upend one non-emaciated comedian without detracting from the effect. After he irons this out, he lines up a makeup man who takes out not only the mugging scars, but a few wrinkles and perhaps five years.

In a last ditch effort for moral support he calls Boston.

"I don't want to be there, Ziggy."

"You haven't seen me work for five years."

"It's probably the same routines."

"Thanks. Look, hon — it would help if you were in my corner. Harry expects everybody there. Pretty please?"

"I'm sorry."

"I'm learning my lesson with you."

He hangs up, again wishing he hadn't called her.

Harry has seen the owner of the Angel who tells him the trio from England has arrived and there is sufficient time for publicity, and he is reluctant to hire Ziggy, in spite of the lefthanded publicity — with the World's Fair, he needs a strong act that will draw.

"Tell him I got a grabber for the second act — that it'll spread all over town. I'd rather not try it out if I can avoid it."

AND THEN IT IS OPENING NIGHT.

AT RINGSIDE ARE CRITICS, COLUMN-
ISTS, hippies, jet-setters, old friends.
Where the hell is the audience?

"At least five comics out there come to see the maestro work."

"Thanks, Gabe. Where's Harry?"

"Up with the lights. Oh, I wouldn't work too close to the tables with your face and that."

"I'm going back for makeup."

The dressing room is isolation, a machine bleaching confidence. I'm making a comeback and I ain't been nowhere, you slob. The elderly makeup man leaves after executing fabulous feats on his face. Ziggy then

looks into the mirror and performs the ritual he initiated as a scared, green kid: he takes a deep breath and says, "I'm the king!" Then an announcement slices into the room as blatant as an accident:

"You're on, Mr. Fields!"

Ziggy attempts to draw confidence from the atmosphere like condensation. He wishes quickly for his wife, begins running, then hits the stage, all the time screaming to himself, "I'm the king!" He does a comic jig up to the mike and begins.

Everything seems to go smoothly, as if, right from the start, they have given him the benefit of a doubt, as if, like it's mostly the case, they want to be entertained. As the act progresses, he pulls out every trick; a straight man using Harry, jokes at the hand, a hilarious if not sexy interpretation of the "Spanish Panic" from *Once Upon A Mattress*. All the time he is pushing like a mother. He goes into the bossa nova of "The Girl From Ipanema" with his own lyrics.

Ziggy is going over great and he knows it. But he is also aware of the fact that he is desperate, with the strength of a cornered animal, and this is the time you have to be careful, because when you "lose your cool," you're shot on stage and the audience invariably knows it. For a finish he does "People," pouring as much soul into it as he dares.

The audience is unleashed and he milks the applause like an Italian opera star might. And then suddenly he is in the dressing room.

"You're the king, baby!" Harry spurts like a broken watermain.

"I did it."

"Where the hell you going, you silly bitch?" Harry asks, when he notices Ziggy about to leave. "Rest for a minute — you can't even breathe."

"Who's the king, Harry?"

"You are, Ziggy, but..."

Trying to quiet his fragrant breathing, Ziggy frenetically hops through a side curtain and into the room. He looks around helplessly and for a panicky moment is lost. Then he hears a familiar, "Hey, Zig, over here!" and he is at home.

He mixes until a few minutes before the next act, suddenly shorn of confidence.

I don't need Simon Simple, the Village Pimple, he says as he existentially dons the loincloth, beard and wig. He hears the deckhands moving his cross behind the curtain.

"To Harry: 'I can't.'"

"You're type-cast."

Harry and Gabe help him upon the cross, his hand fitting into the

special brackets, his feet crossed one atop the other. Gabe adjusts the crown of thorns.

"I'm scared, huh?"

"Who's the king, baby?"

"Screw all that. I'm cold up here too, hanging like a plucked chicken in Schlotsky's market." Ziggy can see the owner of the Angel pacing erratic circles, hitting his nails. "I can say it different, you finks?"

"Relax." Either or both says this.

"You ready, Mr. Fields?" the curtain asks.

He almost blanks. He's sweating for fear — NO — it's too damn cold to sweat. Anyway, he nods yes.

A long creak and the curtain is gone. The arrogant spot shining up on his face is good because he can't see the people. He hears them, though: gasps of astonishment from an astonished audience. This is Ziggy Fields? The orchestra plays his eerie accompaniment and the lights blink for lightning.

He does not begin. He must collect, in fact, gather himself together. It will give them time to get used to his gibbon-pink . . . the effect must be crashing on the audience. Ziggy turns his head so the directional mike won't pick him up, clears his throat, then begins.

NO ONE IS LAUGHING.

Ziggy follows Simon's genius verbatim, touching areas with delicate precision.

WAS THAT A PEREMPTORY CHUCKLE OUT IN THE DARK-NESS? PLEASE BE.

With a few laughs at goading impetus, Ziggy plunges into the body of the monologue: like maybe *He's* a Gentile, political references, sexual connotations, sweeping satire on the order of Gulliver's Travels in Galilee. Then the darkness explodes in one unified body of laughter. He goes on and on, until he has about five solid minutes left. He's saying:

"Tell me — what do you think of levitation?"

Suddenly a lewd flashbulb shreds darkness, splashing a blinding whiteness. Then all the lights go on exposing uniformed authority.

"You can't do this to me — not when I'm going over!"

THE NEXT EVENING, every paper carries somewhere in its format the photo of Ziggy. He is hanging over the caption: *Comedian Ziggy Fields Crucified*.

More to himself than anyone. Harry is saying in the Forrest sometime later, "Why in the hell did they pick the Angel and Ziggy for a raid? How'd they find out?"

"Thanks again for the hail, Gabe."

Ziggy says.

"I don't worry now."

"I get about a hundred wires today from all over the country," Harry says. "You'll work for years, baby. Next week you start in Vegas."

"I did it, didn't I? I mean without the grabber I did it."

"You did it," they both say.

Ziggy is starting out over 49th to Broadway, over his city. "What about my nephew, Gabe?"

"You're covered."

They eventually leave. He rings the desk for coffee, and when it comes he phones Boston.

"I'm coming to New York on the 3:15," she says later. "How do you feel, Ziggy?"

"Me? I always get through."

"Was it worth all this?" she asks.

"Sure," he says without hesitating.

"All of it. You know . . ." he begins rather slowly, as if trying to phrase himself. "A man's act is like his life — if you get somebody else to write it, that's when you get in trouble. You can't be satisfied and be on top."

She says, "We'll go home together," and he agrees, but he doubts it because there is much work to catch up on.

Later, after the coffee and her voice is gone, he siphons a fifth of bourbon. A man needs the right turn of wrist in life, in other words, an angle. He spreads hotel stationery over the desk, repeating to himself, "I'm the king."

Ziggy begins breaking himself up with the karate idea. A new gag smacks at him from the wallpaper: original ideas come hounding into the room and he can't write so pretty fast. The explosion of a telephone an hour later halts progress:

"This is Simon."

"Hi, kid."

"I was in the Black Angel the other night — you're beautiful."

"It was good stuff."

"I mean the first act."

"Thanks."

"I . . . I called the cops."

"I figured you did," Ziggy says.

"Look, forget it. Everybody's got his own gravity to fight — I know. Be resilient. I'm sort of busy now. So . . ."

"All right."

The king replaces the receiver deftly, refuses to let thoughts of his subjects shatter his creative fire, drinks embarrassingly of the bourbon, and says "WHEE" as his mind fastens itself like a young lampry to the beginnings of a routine. Slowly, with little pain and completely by himself, he begins to raise his act, life, from oblivion to at least an ordered chaos. ☺

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KNIGHT ROADTESTS THE GOODYEAR BLIMP

by Richard Ashby

IT WAS IMPOSSIBLE to determine the year of the model tested. Some ground crew members (there were six of them on the ropes) averred it was a 1944 model. Others that it was older. But as there have been no significant changes in the design since the opening days of World War Two, the question is purely academic. Our model, the durable Mayflower, is nominally stationed in a bean field on the outskirts of Costa Mesa, California. Once a year it flies East to join its sister, the Columbia, in the skies over New York city. The only

turn the page



**A SALUTE TO
A GALLANT
OLD LADY**



other blimp in existence is in Germany, and all three of them are operated purely to advertise the existence of the Goodyear Tire and Rubber Company.

To operate them costs the parent firm about a million dollars a year, but it's advertising money well spent. In nostalgia alone, it recoups its cost, for who cannot remember a summer evening, the sky lightly flecked with clouds, and the "hickity-hickity" drone from above as the blimp pushes along, flashing the headlines on the electric bulb billboards on each of its sides. And who has not been to a big game or Grand Prix auto race and not seen the blimp overhead, acting as a camera platform for both the newsreel folk and a TV network. It's been a grand public relations scheme and the world will be poorer when these three grand old ladies retire.

Not much is seen of them in inclement seasons, but this is not to say they cannot weather wind, rain and snow. During the war hundreds of them were produced and crews trained to fly them on convoy duty, and it is their *marque d'estime* that not a single ship was ever lost while under the watchful eye of a blimp. From time to time, rumors circulate that Goodyear is developing a superblimp for transporting missiles, or that other firms are building strange semi-rigid winged, helium-filled hybrids... but when all the evidence is in it's apparent the days of lighter-than-air craft are all but over. The flag actually went down over twenty years ago when the huge Akron and the Macon died terribly in the ocean, killing 81 men.

It was with this thought that your intrepid test pilot approached the tethered Mayflower not long ago. It was an excessively warm day, and the ground-handling crew clinging to ropes that dangled from the ship were—for the most—clad in only slacks or swimming trunks. The cab looked large from close up as it squatted there on its single wheel, and access to the interior was simple and achieved with less acrobatics than climbing into a top-up M.G. The captain was already at the controls (more of *them* later), and the only other passengers were a fat man and his two children, boy and girl.

The engine controls are much like those of any twin-engined plane... that is, the throttles, temp gauges, manifold pressures, etc., are familiarly arranged and easily recognizable. But not so the violent maneuver our pilot began. After giving full throttle to the mills, he passed a signal to the ground crew and we shot up... nose way past stall-high. The little fat boy, a kid of about nine, let out a squeal of terror, saving me from speaking first, for it takes a hit of getting used to, this shooting up at a 45 degree angle. In a chopper it's merely an uncomfortable

(Top) The Mayflower and the Columbia pass in review.
(Middle) Pilot at controls of the Columbia has excellent visibility.
(Bottom) Coming in for a landing with ground lines dangling.

sensation, hut slung under this great gas hag one has the feeling of rushing up to doom. I realized I had not asked anyone how the cahn is attached to the hag... the juncture between hull and fabric looks smooth enough that maybe they glue it on, for all I know.

A series of gusts coming in from the Pacific, less than eight miles away, caused our commander to wrestle (with apparent violence) with a spoked wheel at his right. This took the place of the ordinary control column on an airplane, although the rudder controls were there. The wheel controls up and down motion elevators, and I was told that although the Federal Aviation Agency demands one become proficient enough to stay within 150 feet of an assigned altitude, Goodyear asks its pilot to stay within 50 feet... which takes considerable wrestling.

Well, the fat hoy was bawling now, and the fat father was watching him with pride and the little girl was gazing rapidly out of the windows and I was keeping check on them all, when the pilot turned the wheel over to the hoy! It was damned smart child psychology, for the kid stopped crying and set about obeying the skipper's calm instructions. "Turn it the other way. That's it. One more turn. Now hack. You're doing fine. You're flying us." But it was extremely punk adult psychology. For this adult, at least.

Finally we were out over the shore line, the hoy calmed, the pilot piloting again, and I asked a few questions for a few answers.

Yes. You do work the rudder pedals all the time, unlike a conventional aircraft, and you develop much muscle.

No, the envelope above us isn't all helium. Only the center bag is gas. Fore and aft contain air only, rammed in by the two propellers. Then spring-loaded valves let it out into the atmosphere... compensating for expansion and contraction of the helium.

Yes, you sometimes do have to use full throttle to fly it hack down to the ground, for unlike a plane, this contraption weighs almost nothing in air, and behaves accordingly in a hefty thermal.

After completing a leisurely triangle course... Costa Mesa, Santa Monica, Los Angeles, the skipper pointed us hack. We had been up almost an hour. The oddness of the sensations had been replaced by enjoyment and the slow speed of the craft allowed much more time to study interesting features on the ground. At last he began struggling with the spoked elevator wheel more than during cruising, and we shouldered our way down through the heat coming up from the bean fields to where the crew was lined up in an inverted V to grab us.

I stepped out, discovering that hlimp travel is so much like boat travel, that I had difficulty, momentarily, in finding my land legs. Total cost for the ride, \$2.50. God only knows what multiple of that it cost Goodyear, but it's got to be one of the finest P.R. schemes ever thought up.

Also, I had learned that the word "hlimp" comes from an old British Air Force designation for early non-rigid craft. "Type B, hlimp."

So if you're ever in the vicinity of Flushing Airport in New York, or Costa Mesa, California, take the time to drive out and pay your respect to the last of a gallant breed.

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"Daa - dee," Lu Ann half-threatened, grabbing his right arm. Then Roop made his move, taking giant, fast steps right towards him, Lee flung his daughter aside with his thin arm that was a lot stronger than it looked and pulled out his twenty-two pistol and shot the big man between the eyes: the bullet not even slowing the onrushing momentum, not in fact, even preventing Roop from reaching out a big ham of a hand and pulling Old Lee to the floor with him where they lay a few moments, Lee raising the revolver once more and about to give Roop another one when the tight fingers relaxed and the hand slid slowly to the floor and lay, palm open, still.

I

HE CAME INTO the Red Acorn right after a pickup load of Indians and sat on the end stool at the bar and calmly waited while I opened and served them nine bottles of beer, collected the money and made change. As usual I placed an Ollie in front of him.

"Thanks, Che," he said softly, his thin face that somehow always looked a little wan — despite daily exposure to sun and wind—a little wanner than

usual today, then: "Try to get an ambulance over to my place, will you?"

I nodded and walked towards the kitchen, his quiet, really gentle voice stopping me at the door:

"Better call Ocie Hays, too."

I got a hold of Constable Hays first and he wanted to know what happened and when I called Lee into the kitchen and he told me I knew that if it hadn't been for this thing I have against big boobed girls it could very easily have been me lying on the floor with a bullet in my head instead of Jim Roop — for like every other single and married man between the ages of fifteen and fifty-five in these mountains I'd gotten more than one over-friendly gesture from Lu Ann Koontz: but unlike most I'd refused.

Ocie said he'd take care of the ambulance and after I'd checked the Indians once more I pulled out a pint of Jim Beam I always kept behind the big beef jerky jar and poured Lee a good one and while we waited for the constable and ambulance I asked him what he'd done with the pistol and he said he'd stashed it and I said good and I asked him who he wanted me to get for a lawyer and he told me and I said good again and he said he was worried about Lu Ann and I told him before Ocie ar-

rived I'd go on into the spread and get her out of the way and to the lawyer before the men from the district attorney's office could find her.

He thanked me and I poured him another but he didn't take any of it. In a few minutes the Indians left and except for the rumbling of the beer coolers we waited in silence, Lee beginning to let the impact of what he'd done catch up with him; for unlike most of us he'd never shot a man before — not even for the government. In fact, up to that afternoon, Lee Koontz was as close to being an exemplary citizen as could be found in the entire foothill country: never fought nor got nasty drunk nor chased women nor meddled in politics — just a simple little man who'd worked at one job all his life and took care of his own and helped his neighbors when asked and loved the hills and the animals.

"How old's Lu Ann?" I finally asked.

"Eighteen today," he said, his eyes staring blankly at the glass of whiskey, and though there was nothing in either his voice or manner to indicate it I got the feeling, he knew as well as I did that under California law the difference between being eighteen today and being eighteen tomorrow just might be the difference between Old Lee spending the rest of his life in San Quentin or being a free man.

We sat silent maybe ten minutes then Lee said: "If they don't let me out you take care of the goose for me, Che."

I nodded. Lee had a couple of lakes on his section and in addition to several dozen ducks a score of Canadian Honkers spent the cold months there. Last Fall he'd discovered one badly wounded in the wing and a few weeks before he'd shot Roop the others had taken off north without it so Lee had fixed up a lean-to in the shady part of the lower lake with water running over it so the goose could make it through the Summer without dying of heat prostration.

"I mean kill it so a bobcat or something won't get it," Lee said.

"I know."

He smiled a sad, thin smile, "If you eat it don't tell me about it."

"I won't."

We sat another ten minutes without saying anything then I left, taking the county road a couple of miles back into the hills then turning onto Lee's long dirt road, meeting up with Lu Ann a hundred yards or so after the turnoff.

She was running, hair all messed up, that big left teat still sticking out



of her blouse: not running like a girl who'd been raised in the hills and knew how to run but the way actresses run in movies, handy flat and waist length, big butt wasting more energy going from side to side than propelling her forward. "Get a doctor," she screamed hysterically when I stopped.

I told her one was on the way and to get in the car, which she did, throwing both her arms around my right one and burying her head into the flesh just below my T-shirt and crying good. I let her indulge herself a minute then told her to button up her blouse and drove to the house where she lived with her mother.

Inside a forty-five blues record was softly playing over and over:

I'm living double

In a world of trouble.

Handkerchief in hand I turned the volume way up. The living room was neat and clean: an open hearcan on the coffee table. Roop spread-eagled, bullet-holed face up on the floor.

"You still alive?" I asked and he gave a moan for answer and I said: "That's a fucking shame," and called Lu Ann. She didn't want to come and when I finally persuaded her she gingerly stepped around the prone man without looking down. I had her open a beer for me and pour some of it into a glass then when she started to hand them to me I pretended I was busy and told her to put them on the coffee table. She did, nice and close to Roop's and well covered with only her fingerprints, then I suddenly wasn't thirsty anymore and we went back to the car and got the hell out of there.

II

JUST BECAUSE OLD Lee Koontz had never shot a human being before he blasted Jim Roop between the eyes (I suppose biologically Roop's classified a human) doesn't mean he couldn't shoot well. Like most of us a good percent of the meat on his table was venison or rabbit or tree squirrel, or dove or pigeon or quail or duck or goose (though he never shot the ones that lived on his lakes) or frog or rattlesnake or mud turtle, and like most of us he loved the game that gave him food with that peculiar type of love that's impossible to explain to people who don't hunt, people who also kill life they love but in more subtle and dishonest ways.

One day when he and I were unloading a pickupful of quartz for the fireplace in the home I was then building (I lived five miles into the wilds from the Red Acorn; some two

plus miles beyond Lee) we heard a cotontail cry out shrill with fear and pain and ran up to a ledge overlooking the creek and Lee took out his twenty-two pistol (a little revolver like we all carry for rattlers and loaded only with shorts: small, rarely deadly bullets like the one Jim Roop now carries around in the back of his brain) and knocked over a predatory bobcat three times on the run at twenty-five yards.

It had been earlier that day while we were getting the quartz when Lee'd shown me a device he'd rigged up for ridding himself of present miseries and still enable the insurance companies to pay off his widow and child without any delay.

The quartz came from an abandoned mine that had been one of several attempts in this county to stretch the old Mother Lode too many miles south—in this instance above Lee's lower lake. The mine had a vertical shaft and a horizontal one, the horizontal shaft passing all the way through the hilltop that constituted the mining area, one entrance to it already caved in. Next to the top of the vertical shaft—which was a pickup's length down from the peak of the hill—Lee had placed an old door. Very carefully he'd piled a couple of large boulders on top the door then rested several tons of additional rocks and boulders uphill from the original ones. He'd tied a long rope of fine hemp to the bottom of the door then dropped it down to the bottom of the shaft. His plan had been to get on the floor of the mine and pull the door down, thereby starting an avalanche that would have filled up the whole vertical shaft. Re-excavating would have been a long, hard job and it was pretty difficult to imagine what the diggers would have found: either of Lee or evidence to prove his death wasn't accidental.

After we'd finished unloading the quartz that day I cracked open a couple of Olies and we sat down in the shade and looked off into the wilderness (through what now is my front window hut then, of course, was just sky). For miles all there was was the creek and the river, the hills and the mountains: quiet, undisturbed country, yet capable of much noise and violence. A land so giving of life and love that the Indians who'd lived in it hadn't had to build cities and sacrifice virgins.

"That's where Charlie Mulligan made it, isn't it?" Lee asked, his voice mild as always, his kind brown eyes looking through steel spectacles at a granite protrusion a good ways down-

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stream, a protrusion that is the beginning of a mile stretch of large caves.

I let some cold beer down my throat as I nodded. Charlie Mulligan was one of us who'd been in love with a Japanese girl when the war started and decided to sit out that little argument in the land we were looking at and all the sheriff's posse and the President's federal could never get Charlie to the local draft board.

"Plenty down there to sustain a man," Lee said, a pleasant, admiring smile creasing his narrow lips as he thought of Charlie.

"'But all you'd need'd be a twenty-two,'" I said.

Lee had removed his hat to wipe some sweat off his forehead with the back of his wrist. Now he put it back on. "And an axe," he said.

"An axe would help," I agreed, finishing my beer and bending the can till the ends met with my left hand, then standing up. Lee following suit, and getting in the pickup and going back to his place where I'd left my jeep.

At that time Lee's divorce wasn't even final yet but already he'd put almost as much work into his new cabin as he ever would. The old house (which he'd built too: not only placing adobe brick on top of adobe brick but also the gathering of the material and mixing it) was a foot-ball field's length toward the country road from his new cabin. As we drove past it there were a couple of teenage cars parked in front, their rear ends elevated a couple of feet, the noses sunken and the chrome removed from the hoods.

The site of Lee's place (the same site where he'd planned on building a new family home when he'd retired) would have been very beautiful with its view over his lower ten acre lake (at that time replete with the Canadian Honkers and a large amount of wood chucks. I remember: their red and white feathers almost spiritual in their vividness, like the summer sunrise in snow country) but for the sounds of revelry coming from the old house — a blasting tenor or sax, a feminine giggle, a male guffaw — sounds that were fine, even fun in the Red Acorn but belonged only to the regulated chaos of civilization, not the ordered anarchy of nature.

Lee had dreamed so long of his retirement house that when the time came for him to build some kind of home just for himself he started out with all the old ideas: but during the time of its construction (which was the same time he built his "suicide shaft") just staying alive was such an

effort that the beauty he gained in buying expensive materials was sacrificed by the futile way he put them all together. His roof, for example, was made of tongue-in-groove, Douglas fir two by sixes: but somehow he'd either ordered one board too few, or damaged one, and he replaced it with an old tongueless, grooveless piece of pine that probably came from his barn. It was like putting a mud hen in among a flock of wood chuck.

He had a large room that served as kitchen and living room, a bathroom and a bedroom. On the wall of the big room practically everything he needed or meant something to him hung on nails: skillets and kettles, a shotgun, twenty-two rifle and a 250-3000 Savage; a big one-man crosscut and a double-bladed axe: the horns of a six point buck with a spread of almost a yard and



"Would you believe I never took a dancing lesson . . . picked it up myself."

the tiny rack of a forkinhorn, the small, making-it-legal point on the right side visible only on close examination: a string of rattlesnake rattles ten feet long; a framed picture of him and his wife as bride and groom twenty years ago and a shot of Lu Ann as a young girl; over a dozen small tools, a chromed horseshoe, half a bull's horn, a long gray fox tail, a circular black and white coon's tail and the stub of a bobcat's tail. He'd built his own bed out of wood left over from the cabin and some of the headboard was painted blue. Sheets evidently were too much trouble so he'd just thrown a sleeping bag on top.

We'd started blasting before sunrise that morning because of fire danger, then picked, crowbarred and shoveled, then loaded the pickup once, and unloaded it, then loaded it again, and unloaded it, then finished

it off with about a halfload, and now we were sitting on Lee's porch with our second beer (each having killed the first can with one gulp) looking out over his lower lake that was beginning to blacken but still held some crimson streaks from the sun that was already over the other half of the world; sitting there, the beer just starting to blot up some of the dryness, watching a blue heron frogging at the lake's other end and Lee's lame goose exit from its air-conditioned home for an evening swim: sitting there and enjoying the beer and the west breeze and letting the first spasms of relief flutter through body and mind and soul.

Lee's kind face, his Milquetoast, meter reader's face that had been gentle and naive enough to believe if a man could get a job and do it right for a quarter century or so and save his money he'd be able to spend his last few years in a comfortable home with his family on a good chunk of land, that face came as close to sneering as it was capable. "Until the bad fellow comes," he said.

"Who?" I asked.

The sneer stayed: "Those two little men who come calling after you've been asleep an hour or so and sit on each shoulder, one saying: 'Why aren't you with your wife?' and the other, before the first one's even through, asks: 'Why aren't you with your daughter?' and the first one says: 'How'd you let your home break up?' and so forth: all through the night until your head's turning from side to side so fast you have to jump out of bed and get a beer, then another, and all the time they stay with you no matter how hard you try to brush them off."

"I've guessed them now and then," I said softly, knowing that Lee had never spoken this much about his problems to anybody before, that his kindness was deceiving, that it wasn't all he knew but instead was just the only way he knew how to act.

"They'd go away," he said looking at his beer can, humble again, telling me as he must have told himself a thousand times before: "They'd go away if I could give them one honest answer: if I could tell them I chased women or my wife men, or I drank too much or she did, or I didn't provide well or she wasted my income. But how can I give them an answer when I just don't know what happened?"

He spoke the last words with as deep a sadness as I've ever heard in anybody's voice: "What did happen?" I asked.

He knew I was talking about facts.
/ turn to page 90

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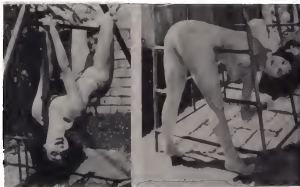
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turn the page



Jill is a firm believer in numerology and readily confesses that her name is made up. "I've got this thing about the number Nine. I was born on Ninth Street the youngest of nine children. My parents came from Galway Bay . . . again, nine letters. Crazy, huh? ☿ when I met Gene Kelly, nine letters, I decided to become Jill Parks. And it worked. My career really took off." And, believe it or not, she's taking dramatic coaching from Hollywood acting ace (nine letters) Lee Remick. Count it up! Other than her nine hangups, Jill is a remarkably modest and unassuming girl, especially for one so physically blessed. She's never gone in for beauty contests — which she could be walking away — nor has she succumbed to advertise who've been after her to pitch their products. "I haven't got time for all that stuff," she states. "Becoming a top dancer is a twenty-four hour day job. Besides, I'm happy. And what more is there?" Wealth? Fame? Glamor? "Pooh on that stuff. I've seen too many kids go that road, and about all they wind up with is a bad dose of misery. I'll just go on being me, thank you." You're welcome, Miss Parks, and maybe there's something to that Nine business after all. ☿



***She's not superstitious,
but the number nine has played
an odd role in Jill's life***



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LEE'S STORY, from page 84

not truths. "The day I retired," he said: "I brought home a bottle of champagne and we had it with dinner then after Lu Ann had gone out on a date I said: 'Well we can start building the new home now,' and she said: 'There's not going to be any new home,' and I said: 'What do you mean?' and she said: 'I'm going to divorce you,' and I said: 'Why?' and she said: 'Because you're a bore,' and I said: 'When did you find that out?' and she said: 'Years ago,' and I said: 'Why didn't you tell me? I would have changed,' and she said: 'No you wouldn't,' and I said: 'Why didn't you divorce me then?' and she said: 'I was afraid you'd foul up your retirement.'"

"That was that?"

"She got Lu Ann, the home and three-fourths of my retirement. I got the land because she didn't give a damn about it."

"And built your cabin here."

Lee finished his beer and I got the feeling he wanted me to go. The lake was pure black now and if the hoker was still swimming around we couldn't see it. The night would have been still except for the sounds coming from Lee's old home and the fog-hornings of a couple dozen bullfrogs protesting the intrusion of civilization. "My intentions were to build a new home just like we'd planned," Lee said, his voice very tired, very sad now: "Partly to show her. I guess; and partly in the hope she might want to move in. Then sometime in the middle of it all I knew I just wanted a roof—any roof—over my head as soon as possible."

III

IT TOOK THEM a couple of days to figure out Roop wasn't going to die then they charged Old Lee with assault with intent to do great bodily harm and let him off on eleven hundred dollars bail. I picked him up and spent a lot of time with him the couple of months it took his case to come to trial, including several hours daily in the Red Acorn where he'd come and quietly sip his Olie and ponder. We frogged and fished and shot squirrels and cut wood and worked our respective roads together and after a while I noticed something about him that might have or have not always been there (I just didn't know him that well before)—a quiet determination. I guess it was that he had a purpose now—for this time it was obvious what had happened and even if he didn't know what, something was going to be done about it—and I don't think the bad

fellows visited him quite so often or sat quite so heavily for quite so long a time.

He did a lot of work around his cabin and it began to shape up like he'd originally intended and when he decided to surround it with a bunch of rethud plants I went with him down by the caves where Charlie Mulligan had dodged the draft because the bushes there grew strongest and most abundant.

After we'd dug up all the plants we could carry and drank all we needed of the rainbow trout-filled spring water that coursed its way cold and clear through the bottom of the caves—water flowing after water flowing after—we climbed to the top of a high abutment that concealed one of several entrances to that underground network of rooms and passageways that had served as home to Charlie Mulligan for so long and sat and I smoked while we looked off into the endless wilds: the bluegreen San Joaquin flowing down from distant snowcapped mountains, through purple mountains and green pine-oak covered mountains and our own now-horned grassed but heavily bushed and treed mountains to the valley below. The sky was blue as a jay's wing and though the air was still it was not hot. As we sat a giant stag his horns big as a sledge handle with only one point on each end, led a herd of a dozen younger deer through a liveoak thicket upwind between us and the river.

"That stag's got it made," Lee said: "After a lifetime of rutting and fighting and dodging hunters he can spend the rest of his days taking it easy, puttering around the woods with does and yearlings, teaching them what he knows when he feels like it."

"He doesn't even have enough points to make him legal game," I added. "Though of course he doesn't know it."

Lee nodded and we watched the herd disappear around the end of a small ridge then he said softly, grimly: "We're as much of the land as that stag is, you know; and I'm going to die in this land. I'm seventy years old and if they sent me to prison I'd never see the land again."

"They're not going to send you to prison," I said, trying to make my words sound more convincing than I felt, shuddering inwardly as I thought of the device he'd rigged up in the mine.

IV

THEY WERE, of course. Legally Lee had no right to order Roop out of the house he'd built but the state

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had given to his wife and my amateurish attempts to help the day I picked up Lu Ann didn't do any good, so they gave him one to ten and his bail remained the same when his attorney filed an appeal and as I walked out the courtroom with him a marshal served him papers announcing that Roop was suing for a couple of hundred grand as a result of the great physical harm Old Lee'd inflicted on him.

The only way I could see he understood the document was by an extremely sad, slightly sardonic smile that divided his thin lips and when he handed it to me he said: "That's the last straw," and as I read it I really couldn't see the difference it made.

I slowed down when we passed the Red Acorn but he shook his head and passing the old house it was silent and there weren't any cars, this obviously happening a little too late, and I pulled up in front of his new cabin, waited a minute in anticipation of the usual offered Olie but he still had the same sad smile from the courtroom on his face and there was nothing to say so I didn't try, just kind of nodding in feigned understanding as he got out: a tired old man who still seemed to believe that all he'd done was protected the morality of his daughter, and as I turned by the lake there was the injured honker, alone in the late afternoon pre-sunset shadows, swimming: the water parting fan-like in soft ripples behind as it headed nowhere like the mind of a pure man, the beauty of the ripples as temporary as man himself.

V

A HUNDRED TIMES that night I started to go down to Lee's and a hundred times I talked myself out of it, knowing that if I was really needed he'd come to me and knowing at the same time his silent, lonely man's pride would keep him from going to anybody.

So I sat with a fifth of Jim Beam, staring out my window over the sleeping creek below at the night sky, trying to decipher the white hieroglyphics on the blackboard of the night sky; finally numbing myself with the whiskey just as the first sun rays began to erase the hieroglyphics and crack the blackboard, waking late in my easychair and reaching for the one double shot that remained in the fifth then deciding against it: getting a grapefruit instead and after a few spoonfuls feeling the relief of its acid cutting through the lump of lifeless whisky in my stomach but doing nothing at all for the equally

dead lump in my heart; splashing some cold spring water on my face and throwing a handful or two down the back of my neck but not up to shaving or hair combing, throwing a hat on instead and hopping in the pickup and heading for Lee's; not liking the heat that was summer's first destructive blast, sweating as I passed the old house whose noise had been silenced by one twenty-two shot and coming to the lake, its birdlife refuted somewhere, conspicuously absent in the hot still air, only the head of a mudturtle creating a slice of movement in the water as it lazily moved around in the false belief there was a fly or gnat somewhere that might be food enough to venture out today.

Alighting from the pickup I saw the cabin door opened and even then I knew the futility of yelling or knocking but I did both anyway, then pulled back the screen and entered, noting everything was apparently unchanged but not really looking, seeing a sole Olie can empty on the table, watching a large red-orange moth with jetblack diamonds triangled on its wings swim on top of a big pot filled with water, two potatoes boiled so hard their skins were cracked open underneath the surface, watching the moth a few blank-eyed moments, wing-dust following in its wake, then scooping it out with cupped hand to let it die on the floor, checking the bedroom but the sleeping bag telling me nothing: not even if it had been lain upon the night before; then — even then! — knowing where he was but having to go through a routine before finding him, walking around the lake, passing the goose's lean-to and up the steep rocky trail to the shaft, pausing once to let a large king snake go where it had to go, and past the open horizontal entrance and up, over, through the remaining quartz until I came to a tall mound of dirt, rock and debris where once the large deep hole had been.

Lu Ann sat crying on top of it all.

I watched her a while before I did anything: watched her long golden hair rise and fall over her shoulders, her large breasts heave and sigh inside an old, three top-snaps-loosed cowboy shirt, her heavy thighs undulate as they projected out of levis cut off to make shorts, occasional salty teardrops splattering gently on them running down the sides. "He's down there," she sobbed when she saw me.

I nodded up and down.

"And I put him there."

I nodded side to side and extended my hand for her to take.

Turn the page

"Let me stay here," she asked, the words coming hard through a well-watered throat.

I nodded, kept my hand out a few more seconds then slowly walked down the hill and checked the entrance to the horizontal shaft. So long as it was open the coroner wouldn't have more than a day or two's work finding inside whatever was findable.

Some sliding dirt fell on my hat as I came out, the pattering surprisingly loud on my whisky-tendered eardrums. Looking up I saw Lu Ann more slipping than walking down from the top of the small hill and for the first time I noticed how well those heavy thighs tapered down to firm, half moon calves then to almost delicately small ankles from which complementary feet slipped stockinged into tennis shoes.

I put out my hand again and she took it and by the time we'd reached Lee's cabin the water'd stopped pouring from her eyes and I must admit that even at that place and under those circumstances something affected me when she stumbled a little and one of those naturally warm, sunned-even-warmer thighs brushed against me.

Inside the cabin I opened a beer and walked idly around while she washed her face, looking vaguely at the things on the wall and the furniture and occasionally out the window, the blue boards on the bed attracting my attention for some reason and I went into the bedroom and squatted down to inspect them, finding nothing but boards that had been painted blue for some other purpose and had suited Lee's bed-building needs when he wanted them, about to get up when those legs were there again, both of them this time, warm against my hack, inviting — no mistake about that.

I let them rest against my shoulder blades a few moments, felt them

move in then again a couple of times, not really excited. Yet —

I put my beer on the floor and rose and faced her; the fourth snap on her cowboy shirt free now: her eyes with just enough moisture left to make them shine bright with desire, the red puffiness below them almost completely disappeared.

"I'm so lonely without him, Che," she said huskily, a joke of a statement that belied everything she'd lived before.

I put my hands on her arms, pitying her for being such a phony yet aroused somehow by the batting of her long, butterfly wing-like lashes and the way those thighs managed to find their way to mine, still only suggesting, not asking for commitment yet.

"So lonely," she repeated, the tips of her chest seeking and finding me though I almost recoiled from their largeness and all that surrender to them implied. But I knew her now, knew her so completely that I was astounded by the suddenness of my knowledge, knew that she wanted me like I'd wanted that bottle of Jim Beam last night — and for the same purpose. And I knew that she was no more meaningful to me than I had been to the bottle of whisky and yet to leave her would have been just as cruel as if somebody had stolen my whisky the night before.

So I took her right then and there on Lee's old sleeping bag on top of the bed he'd built with the blue boards in it.

VI

I FELT GOOD when we were through: not because she was good, though considering everything she wasn't had, but because I'd helped her forget her guilt a little while. We lay quiet a few minutes, a soft religious smile on my lips as I lay — on my hack now — staring blankly

at the ceiling, vaguely conscious of her presence as my mind drifted back into the realm of less pleasant things, wanting to return slowly instead of the abrupt way she brought it back, sitting up and rotating fast away from me and planting her feet hard on the floor. Remembering the closeness I'd had with her father I feared I might have compounded her guilt so I softly called her name, gently grabbing her waist with a warm hand.

She said nothing, neither taking nor removing my hand, just beginning to dress as fast as she could. I called her again and patted her unenthusiastically once but still she made no response, just pulling and wiggling and stretching and huttoning and snapping until what clothes she had were on again, then took a step towards the door, stopped and turned around, her eyes still bright but hard now, moistureless: "I needed love, not pity," she remarked bitterly, leaving me there with my miserableness, trying to tell myself it didn't matter, that I'd tried, and failed — nothing more — that we all just try and fail, try and fail like the water running through the caves, flowing after water flowing after: and the idea of water bringing something else unpleasant to mind — the wounded honker that had to be killed now that Lee wasn't here to protect it from one of a dozen deaths that would be painful and drawn-out.

So the task — lousy as it was — at least gave me a reason to get away from myself for a while and lethargically I got up and pulled my levis on and got a beer from the refrigerator and sipped it while I put my feet into my boots: moving very slowly, dully, hatched in sweat: the hangover intense now, the heat and exercise not doing it any good.

Which is why it took me so long to realize just what Old Lee had really done. The honker was tame

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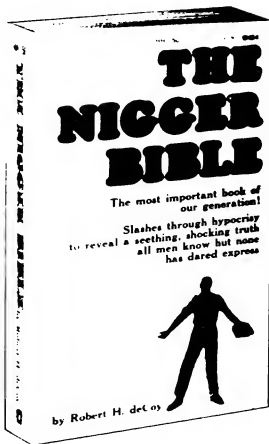
enough so I could get close enough to him with a rifle to shoot him through the head and that was the most merciful way I could think of getting rid of him. But when I went to the place where the twenty-two used to hang there was nothing but wall between the nails that had held it. So, slowly snapping out of the numbness that encompassed me, I began looking in corners and behind the refrigerator and back in the bedroom again and in every conceivable place where a rifle might be until I remembered what he'd said that day after we'd blasted and sat where my living room window now is and looked at all that wilderness Charlie Mulligan had dodged the draft in. No, he hadn't said it, it was my idea: "All a fellow needs to get by down there is a twenty-two."

"And an axe," he'd added.

No hangover anymore, no remorse. I knew I didn't have to look for the axe but I did anyway and it wasn't anywhere around, of course, so I went to the toolshed and there was plenty of dynamite left over from that quartz-blasting day and I took it out to the mine and blasted in the open horizontal entrance just to make the coroner spend more time trying to find what wasn't there then went back to my place, sure but not positive, so heading toward the caves, knowing Lee wasn't going to leave many signs of himself, looking hard and hot for several hours, sweat washing Jim Beam out of me like a fire hose, fighting my way through liveoak thickets and deerbrush and manzanita until I had two dozen cuts and a small herd of ticks on me, looking everywhere and about to give up when planted in a sandy area in front of a cave entrance was a small left footprint clear and fresh.

He made it, I thought: *He beat all those sheriffs and attorneys and judges who'll never know what it really means to be free, and I carefully spread sand over the print, then started the long walk back to my place where I celebrated that night with a goose dinner, eating it in front of my living room window, looking out into that wild land where all a man needs is a twenty-two and an axe to sustain himself and up at the night above it, the milky way a silken white veil covering the black face of eternity, and I thought of Lu Ann, for she too had accomplished a freedom that was impossible while Lee was still around. And her hoohs weren't really all that big and I wondered how long it would take her to get over this afternoon for I just might — well why not?* ☺

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A FEW ENTHUSIASTIC ENDORSEMENTS WHOSE
AUTHORS REMAIN ANONYMOUS — FOR
OBVIOUS REASONS!

UNHEARD TESTIMONIALS

IF YOU WANT TO SELL a product apparently the best way to go about getting the market's approval is to fall back on the time-honored testimonial ploy. We see it on television, we read it in the magazines, we hear it on the radio: "I use Famous Brand's unguent salve because it keeps my shorts cleaner than (*beep*) or (*beep*)." People read this guy's letter, identify with him, and the first thing you know they're out buying Famous Brand's unguent salve. It works every time — or at least often enough to make the owner of Famous Brand's salve rich — and it's become so successful that damn near every company is using it.

But that's just the hangup. The companies are using the testimonial — not independent surveyors. And it stands to reason — or falls to reason — that the companies aren't going to print or air *all* the testimonials. So when that lady stands in front of her washing machine and expounds on the merit of BEEP detergent, it is logical to assume that you aren't getting the whole story. It isn't that she might have been *paid*, or anything as crass as that, understand — surely the companies wouldn't stoop to being downright dishonest. Still, she could have been influenced slightly by owning stock in the company, or having her husband work for the company, or maybe a gun in her back.

Assume, for the sake of scientific study, that the whole story was presented — and that companies, nudged by the Fates to be absolutely fair, printed all the testimonials. Some of them could be as follows. / turn the page

by CARSON DAWES

To the Tampax Corporation:

"Gentlemen (or whatever):

"I certainly am not the one to propose improvements to a company as fine as you are. I mean you really *do* have a good product. I've been swimming and everything during my moon days and except for once I haven't had a bit of trouble. And even that once you couldn't be blamed. It was that smart Jimmy McPherson who pulled the string who should get the bill for cleaning the pool. But it's about the string that I wanted to write. I think it might be a good idea if you'd make them a bit stronger. I don't know if other girls have written you about this, but to be quite frank I've broken my string. I've tried everything — even hallet. And let me tell you, when that string goes there just isn't much a girl can do — short of maybe using a crochet hook. Incidentally, seeing as you're the specialists in this sort of thing, could you recommend a method of removal? I hate to bother you, but it's been four months now. Please reply soon."

To the Ex-Lax Corporation:

"Dear Mr. Ex-Lax:

"What I mean! I mean *what!* You people say s — and I s — 'I ain't *never* s — like I s — when I ate a box of your stuff. I filled the outhouse, then our barrels, and all over the piggan, and hack to the house, and all over the living room and I'm still s — ing. I can't *stop* s — ing Oohee, it *burns*. S — !"

To the Bendix Compass Co.:

"Gentlemen:

"During our most recent trek across the parks, Lady Agatha, a feminine acquaintance and George Simms, myself, found, to my distress, that two of your compasses (model 969-B) came to slightly different readings. Basically, it came down to the fact that by my reading of 220 degrees we were at least two miles from the residence of Lady Agatha, while her reading of 270 degrees put us within hearing distance of her grounds. After deciding to use her compass-heading to insure that we would be still further from her

estate, and proceeding to a strange stand of oaks, you can imagine my surprise to find, at a crucial moment, that we were, in fact, not only on Lady Agatha's grounds, but well within Lady Agatha's husband's hare shooting preserves. As it turned out my compass had been the more correct, and her's the wronger, and perhaps it would be best if you were to initiate some form of checking procedure in the future."

To the Latex Undergarment Co.:

"Boys:

"I have statistical proof that you living bras make broads more appealing to men . . . I made one half of the girls wear their regular bras and made the other half wear your famous living bras and guess what? The half with the living bras turned twice as many tricks in a week than the other. So now I got 'em *all* wearing them and I'm raking it in ass-over-teacart, if you'll pardon the expression. Drop in if you're in town and I'll throw you one on the house."

To the Winchester Rifle Co.:

"Gentlemen:

"I was vastly impressed with the accuracy of your high velocity varminting rifle. It handles well in field conditions, holds good at excessive ranges, and adapts to either uphill or down shooting with remarkable agility. I hailed a passing motorist from an approximate range of three-hundred yards, shooting from the top of a nine-story apartment building. A truly classic shot for a truly classic weapon."

To the Firestone Tire Co.:

"I must confess that when you first began your campaign on your new washable whitewall tires I thought most of it was bushwa. I mean *everybody* has a washable whitewall — and none of them work. I hit a guy with my old set of (*beep*) tires and it was pure *hell* to get the stains out. But just last week, with a set of your tires on the car, I hit an old guy crossing the street and I didn't even have to use a brush. He wiped right off with warm water, just like you say in your ad."

To the El Arheim Condom Co.:

"Gentlemen:

"It may interest you to know that the condoms you sell for the 'prevention of disease only' also work well as a means of controlling childbirth. HeHeHe."

To the Contact Cement Co.:

"Gentlemen:

"I am living proof of your claim that your new X-90 contact cement makes a permanent bond instantly in any material. At a party I put some on the palms of my hands and more on the bottoms of my feet and — on a dare — placed my right hand on my left foot and my left hand on my right foot. Sure enough, and instant and permanent bond. The doctors have assured me that careful surgery will alleviate my problem, so you needn't worry on that score. But one of my friends took a motion picture of me eating soup and threatened to send it to you for a television commercial. I would rather that you didn't use the film."

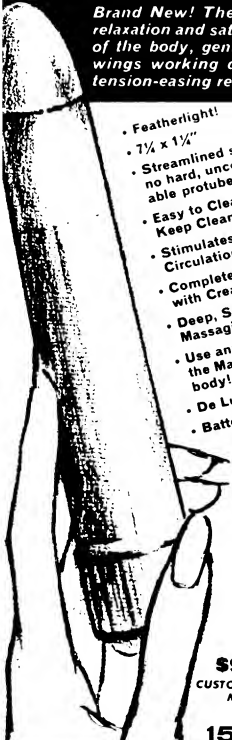


"Faron, we can't go on meeting like this—"

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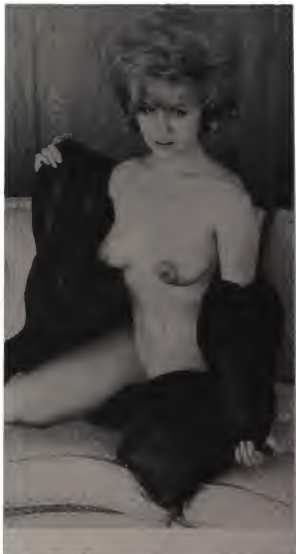
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MOUNTAIN GAL

from page 4

Mikki admits to having changed from a coltish outdoor kid to an indoor pussy cat. "Nowadays, I love lounging around my apartment in the buff. I guess I'm just a nudist at heart, but a private one. I couldn't stand being undressed in front of a crowd." But she poses nude, we argued. "That's different. I'm *posing*, don't you see. In its own way, it's sort of an art form, an expression." It was difficult not to agree that Mikki is indeed an art form... indoors or out. Currently she signed a studio contract and has done a variety of TV commercials. She flubbed a hosiery ad, though. "I had on these long nylons clear up to *here*." They took one look and said No. Too sexy." ☺



**In the TV commercial field
Mikki goofed a hosiery film. Her
legs were too much**







INSIDE KNIGHT:

Guerrilla warfare in the battle of the sexes (p. 8) • Haight-Ashbury: Why the hippies will survive (p. 40) • A riotous ride in the Goodyear blimp (p. 78) • Nostalgia by Pietro Di Donato (p. 16) • Kim Novak's sensuous return to the screen (p. 66) • And Hollywood's grooviest girls in living full color!

KNIGHT, The Magazine for the Adult Male.